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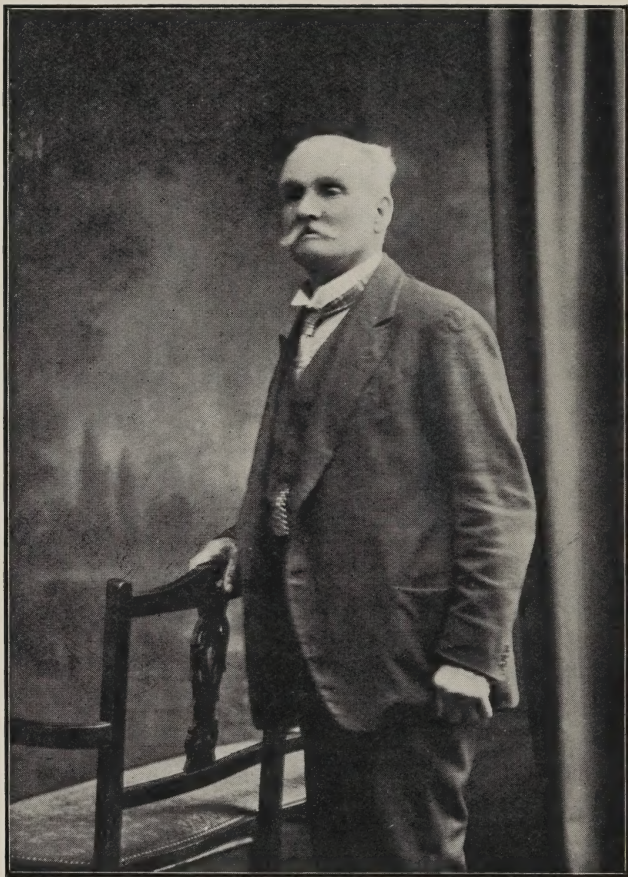


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MY
CIRCUS
LIFE



Frontispiece.



James Lloyd, 1925.

My Circus Life

*Being the Life and Adventures and
the World Travels and Experiences
of an Artist and Circus Proprietor
now aged 79 years. The last of the
Mobicans emanated from "The
Cradle of the Circus World,"
Astley's Amphitheatre Westminster
Bridge Road London*

James Lloyd

*Introduction by
G. K. Chesterton*



*London : Noel Douglas
38 Great Ormond Street W.C.1*

First published 1925

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INTRODUCTION

MR. LLOYD's autobiography is a real, a very real, story parallel to the stories in which Dickens devoted himself to the experiences of showmen and wandering circuses or crawling caravans; stories like "Dr. Marigold" or that far more fascinating and indeed quite brilliant little study that is called "Going into Society." Mr. Lloyd also has in his way gone into society; but he has gone into a vast number of very varied societies and described his experiences with a directness so real that it would only make it unreal to call it realistic. There is a sort of impartiality about this sort of objectivity which is something of a new note in narrative. In reading these short staccato sentences that follow each other as the writer stumps his way through his story (if I may be allowed to put it so) there is something that somehow suggests to me a man fighting his way through a crowd with a cudgel, and hitting people or things right and left with complete equality. The reader even has a sense of nervousness about what will be hit next; and whether it will be his own head. The writer has only a convenient club to swing; he has no axe to grind. He has no point to prove, no cause to champion, no wares to advertise, no influence to spread. He simply takes things as they come in his narrative; as he took things as they came all through his life. Sometimes it was a

Introduction

shower of stones from Catholic workmen in an Irish riot ; sometimes it was a blessing from the Pope on an Irish crowd accompanied with words of admirable commonsense from an Irish priest. Sometimes he gives a passing knock at humanitarians for their ignorance of horses ; sometimes he has a dig at the popular sentiment that makes it so dangerous to interfere in family quarrels. One cannot say that in this or that one would agree or disagree with his views. For they are something much more than views ; they are sights. The most socially symbolical of them has only the same sort of solid value as the concrete experience of fighting a man in the " French way of fighting single-stick " or almost having to drag a sleeping groom out of a ditch. It is emphatically a book of adventure ; yet it is too adventurous to be called a romance. Picturesque things and prosaic things come one on top of the other with a sort of brisk indifference of high spirits. It reads like the materials out of which Dickens might have made any number of his romances about talkative dwarfs or silly giants ; but Dickens would have made each story a story with a purpose and with a point—with too much purpose and even too much point. This is life at once more confused and more convincing than literature. All sorts of things come into the scrap-book ; charming old play-bills and stiff little statements of historical fact and meetings with the great that are at once abrupt and easy. The effect at first is a little bewildering ; but as we read on there is something deeply human and even strangely harmonious about the whole thing. It is the unity of

Introduction

things, the consistency of things that really happen. If we are to have autobiographies of the different trades and tasks that make up the strange economic complexity or chaos of our society, this is how most of them ought to be written. This is how the facts ought to be brought before us ; the facts altogether untouched by the fads. For some such books will be at best a curiosity of literature ; but there are others who have a larger curiosity about life. These will want to form their opinions from something else besides the pamphlets and speeches of opinionated people. Before they join one humane league to encourage theatres or another humane league to suppress circuses, before they jump to conclusions from the jumping-off ground of theories, they ought to have read a great many books like Mr. Lloyd's book or meet a great many men like Mr. Lloyd. The great difficulty in all our debates which are supposed to be so democratic, is that the pronouncement upon a problem is so often made by the man to whom it is only a theorem. I mean the man was not faced with the thing to be done, but only with the thing to be demonstrated. And both in the matter of living an individual life and of writing an individual book, Mr. Lloyd at any rate has been and gone and done it.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	V
CHAPTER I.	II
CHAPTER II.	17
CHAPTER III.	24
CHAPTER IV.	31
CHAPTER V.	37
CHAPTER VI.	44
CHAPTER VII.	51
CHAPTER VIII.	60
CHAPTER IX.	69
CHAPTER X.	79
CHAPTER XI.	87
CHAPTER XII.	95

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
JAMES LLOYD, 1925	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE, 1850	14
JAMES LLOYD AS SHAW THE LIFEGUARDSMAN, BAREBACK RIDER	18
ADVANCE ADVERTISING AGENT	38
BAND CARRIAGE ROUND THE 'TOWN	56
FULL-GROWN BULL, 19 INCHES HIGH	72
THE AUTHOR'S GRANDDAUGHTER, RENÉE LLOYD	100

MY CIRCUS LIFE

CHAPTER I

My first peep into a circus was Astley's, at the age of four years. The theatre was then under the management of a Mr. Batty.

My parents were Welsh, from Holyhead, so I can claim to be a true Briton. My father held a position at Astley's thirty years, under the managements of Mr. Vanambrugh, Mr. Ducrow, Mr. W. Batty, Mr. W. Cook. "John Barleycorn" was the cause of his leaving.

As I was a lively kiddy and would be among the ponies, sometimes caught on their backs in the stable, I had no fear. Under Mr. Cook's management I was first put on a pony by Mr. J. H. Cook. At this time I was four and a half years of age.

There was a gentleman rider proposed to my father to take me as an apprentice. This was a Mr. Powell, who left Astley's and got an engagement at the old Vauxhall Gardens, London, and there I practised on horseback. Mr. Powell left and joined Madame Macart's Circus at Bristol. I went with him. The circus left and opened at Newport, Monmouthshire. I practised every day. Mr. Powell got an engagement in France. My mother objected to my going out of England, so I was sent home

My Circus Life

from Newport, Mon., with two tickets, one on my back, and one on my chest, written: "London. With Care. To be called for." I was well cared for on the journey, and had a fine time. I was very sorry when I got to my journey's end, for the ladies in the carriage fed me with plenty of cakes and sweets. You will be able to judge how small I was.

Soon after I arrived home I was kidnapped. I was lost to my mother for four weeks. The kind kidnapper took me to his house near Whitechapel. He kept me some days, stripped me of all but my trousers and shirt, and was good enough to leave me on a doorstep. The anxiety of my poor mother must have been great. A policeman took me to his house in Towers Street. I had a good time with his children—plenty of toys and sweets. My dear mother troubled herself more about me than I did of her. I gave no thought of my home. At last my mother found me, and I was made much of.

I remember a number of artists and clowns at Astley's in my young days, also actors. There was Mr. Holloway, Mr. Anson, E. N. T. Hicks, Miss Vining, I. Towers. Clowns: Mr. Dick Duest, Crowest Hemmings (he sang "Hot Codlings"), Boswell, who drove eight cats in a carriage from the top of the New Cut to Astley's Theatre; J. Purvis, who drove four geese in the Thames, from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge in a washing tub. Riders: Mr. A. Powell, A. Palmer, Miss Woolford, the Gec Family, and Mr. Pearson. And I remember Mr. Batty announcing that the last-named gent. for this night only would ride three times round the ring on one leg. There was a gentleman, a Mr.

My Circus Life

Thorp, a slack-rope performer. He came to the theatre drunk one night, and was not permitted to perform. On pay day Mr. Batty stopped some money. Mr. Thorp said he would not perform any more. He got on his rope to where it was fastened, and while sitting on the rope he cut it. Down he fell, and he never performed again.

My father put me under dancing masters. I was taught dancing by a Mr. Jufina and the Sisters Ealeys. During the time they were playing "The Battle of Waterloo" I nearly set the theatre on fire. I went in the property room where the hemp or tow was kept for the making of torches. I loved to see it flare so I set a light to some. A bit of the lighted tow fell into the box of tow and set a light to two bundles, which caused a lot of smoke. I turned the box upside down, and put it out. The stage manager rushed into the property room, and asked what was the matter. I said I saw the hemp on fire and turned the box over and put it out. Mr. West said I was a good boy, and gave me a threepenny bit.

Had he known the true facts I should have got his foot.

Queen Victoria patronised the theatre. Orders were given that no person would be permitted to remain in the theatre during the performance, only those taking part. I had never seen the Queen and was determined to see her, and so I did. I got up in the flies, and concealed myself. They searched the theatre, but they could not find Jimmy. I had to climb a rope until I got on the dome. It consisted of match-boarding. I lay flounder fashion on the

My Circus Life

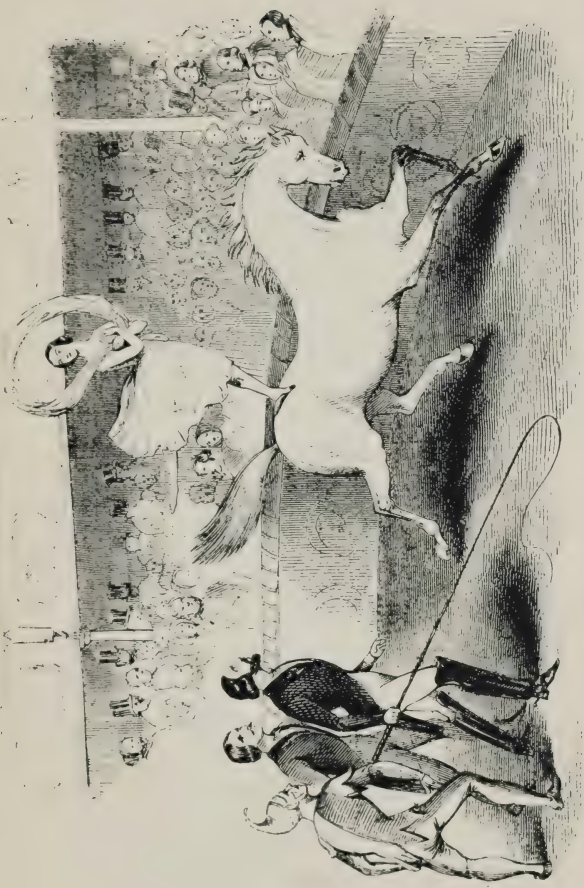
beams, and made a hole in the dome opposite the Queen's box. I lay there two hours, looking at Her Majesty all the time. The performance over, now I had to get back. It was more dangerous going back, for they had taken the rope away. It was the lowering curtain rope. I was about four feet from another rope that I could get down by. There was only one thing for it—jump and catch this rope. I jumped and caught the rope. Had I missed it the stage would have caught me—a forty-foot drop.

When I got home my father questioned me where I had been. I told the truth. He said: "I don't know which to do, give you sixpence or a hiding." I said: "Father, give me the sixpence. I'll spend threepence, and hide the other threepence." My father laughed. He let me off.

I was called "The Old Man." Nothing could keep me from the horses and ponies. I missed many a meal to stop with them.

My father left Astley's after thirty-six years, and had an engagement at the "Coburg," now called the "Old Vic." At that time the theatre was under the management of Miss Vincent. Her manager was Mr. J. Towers. Mr. Cowen was the stage manager. I remember some of the names of the actors—Mr. E. N. T. Hicks and Miss Vining, the leading lady. I was not long before I was put to take little parts.

One week "Jack Sheppard" was played. I went up in the flies to see it. I went to sleep. Over the stage a narrow plank is suspended for the fly men to pass from one side to the other. I must have crossed this plank in my sleep. I fell thirty-five feet on to the stage on my head and split my skull.



Astley's Amphitheatre, 1850.

My Circus Life

I lay nine months, and have a silver plate in my head. Had I fallen a little further I would have fallen down the counter weight hole. I would have been crushed by the weights. I must be contented if I have no money in my pocket ; I have silver in my head.

When I was five a friend of my father, a Mr. Ginnett, who had a travelling circus (the grandfather of the present family), offered to take me to see if I would like the business. This was in 1850. It was agreed I should go. I joined. The rough edge had been taken off me at Astley's and Vauxhall Gardens in riding and business in general. After I had practised on a bare-back horse Mr. Ginnett and his company were surprised. They gave me some money. I was only three months with Mr. Ginnett, and I was able to appear before the public on a bare-back pony. Now I was in my glory. Practice and progress were my ambition. It was punishment to me if I could not practise. Mr. Ginnett was very good to me ; he acted to me like a father. I never was idle. There were four more boys besides me, Johnny Newcome : three sons of Mr. Ginnett, and a Johnny Whitely, near all one age. They set me a trick I never attempted or thought of. They thought I would fail. To their surprise I did it. The trick was to throw a somersault over a pony. When coming to my feet I fell back, put my hand to save myself and broke my hand. I did the trick, which caused jealousy ; I cared not. I was laid up three weeks. That little accident did not intimidate me. When my hand got well, I went at it again harder than ever. It put more resolution

My Circus Life

in me. This little accident happened in a town, Holywell, in Wales. In that town there is a well; they say the water will cure all complaints. There hang round the walls all kinds of sticks, crutches, wooden legs, and all kinds of surgical implements.

Mr. Ginnett made it a rule to give us boys 2*d.* a night. He called it "beer money." On Sundays he gave us 1*s.* each. Up to that time I had not tasted any alcoholic drink, but I made my mind up to sample all the drinks with my 2*d.* a night. I started on beer. The next night, porter. The next rum, after gin. Next night I asked for "Old Tom." I cared for none of these. I fell back on ginger beer, and stuck to it for twenty years. I had plenty of chance of being a champion booser. My business was the attraction.

We called at a town called Rochdale. I saw a book in a shop called "Self-Help." I had no education and left home very young. Mine is a worldly education. When my mother sent me letters, I got the boys to read them. I tried hard to gain knowledge. I improved myself by reading the names over the shops.

We went to Nottingham and stayed four months in the winter. I tried to get in the school, but they rejected me. They asked me who I was and where I came from? When they knew I was with a circus, the schoolmaster said: "Oh, no, you will contaminate my school." I was thirsting for knowledge; the refusal did not discourage me. I bought books and slates. In less than a month I was able to read my dear mother's letters, and answer them. I surprised the other boys.

CHAPTER II

At thirteen years of age there was not an act that I could not give a good imitation of. When, at seventeen, Mr. Ginnett erected a wooden building in Southampton, Mr. G. gave me a benefit. I felt proud, being the first. I announced on the bills I would ride and drive six horses from above Bar to the circus at full gallop (about a mile and a half) dressed as a monkey. The following I announced I would perform, and I did it:—

MY PROGRAMME

1. Richard the Third on horseback.
2. Brigands cure Ghost and Old Nick on horseback.
3. Comic clown on horseback.
4. My principal bare-back riding.
5. Olympians with W. Ginnett on three horses.
6. I did fifty somersaults on the dead ground.
7. I represented Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, on horseback.

I turned a double somersault over seven horses, and did a turn called "Simkin Love in All Corners." After all this I began to think I was tired. After all this work and the cost of dresses and paying for the bills I cleared 25s.

While the circus was in Southampton, Mr.

My Circus Life

Ginnett engaged Tom Sayers, the great pugilist, also Jim Mace, J. C. Heenan and Tom King. Tom King travelled that season with Mr. Ginnett. During our travels we met Hawes and Coausion's Circus at Peterborough. The same day both circuses did well. We got our show over earlier than the other circus. Tom King took me with him to the other circus. Strange to say, Heenan, the American boxer, was with the other circus. No sooner had we got inside than we saw the American. They recognised each other and shook hands. Tom King said: "When is our fight coming off, and for what sum of money?" They talked quite friendly and in a business way. Tom King said: "You will see full particulars in *Bell's Life*." They parted quite friendly.

I was Tom King's companion while King was with Ginnett. Tom King began to train for the fight. The circus travelled daily. He walked the journeys, and I joined sometimes. He had to pull me along.

When I was eighteen years of age I was the owner of two horses; one I gave £35 for, the other £40. I had £120 in the bank. This money was not saved out of 2*d.* a night and 1*s.* on Sunday. I took care of all. It was done by determination and resolution. How I saved the above sum is the following. When the circus started travelling in March it is very bold to undress under canvas. In my spare time I got some potatoes baked. The company was only too pleased to buy them. There were twenty performers in one dressing tent. I got coke and lit a fire every night. They gave me 3*d.* each weekly. I also got baked chestnuts—I sold them. I sold programmes,



James Lloyd, at eighteen years of age, as Shaw
the Lifeguardsman, Bareback Rider.

My Circus Life

and got 2*d.* in a shilling. This went on for six years.

The grandfather of the present Ginnett family died. The eldest son, Frederick, took charge. The three brothers worked under him. Mr. Frederick married a young lady from Stratford-on-Avon. She was a perfect lady. I was about seventeen at this time. Mrs. Ginnett invited her sister to travel with the show. She was a nice young lady. I never took any notice of her. I had no idea of speaking. She was there when I practised. I thought more of improving in my business. Now this young lady began sowing the seeds of love. *She made me love her.* She subdued me. It took me longer to learn to ride than it took me to learn to love. I really thought it a waste of time. It interested the young lady more than it did me; so after a time this young lady gave me up. She made it up and became friends again. She treated me in this manner three times. I was in the dark way. I found out I had a rival. Really, I did not worry over it. Jealousy was a stranger to me. She returned all the presents I gave her. I consoled myself by thinking I was ignorant in the art of love-making. I troubled not. After two months this lady threw down the gauntlet. Like a fool I picked it up. This young lady got on speaking terms. I could not be rude to her, so I spoke. I gave way. Oh, it was terrible! I went over the same ground again. It was a trouble to me. Whenever she mentioned marriage I changed the subject. After a lot of persuasion I let her have her own way. We were at Brighton. Well, she named the day and

My Circus Life

made all the arrangements. We were to be married at twelve o'clock. I was in bed. The landlady came and called me, and said : " You know you are going to be married. It's now eleven-fifteen. Get up quick ! " I went without breakfast and finished dressing in the carriage going to church. I did not take it seriously. I was trapped for life. So I made my mind up to put up with the consequence ; so there was an end of that chapter.

At this time I was only getting 30s. a week. I was now eighteen years of age. I asked Mr. Ginnett to give a rise of 10s. a week. He refused. I wrote to Mr. Newsom's Circus at Leeds. I got an engagement at £6 a week. I was worth £6 a week to Mr. Newsom. I was not worth £2 a week to Mr. Ginnett. With the latter gentleman I did six acts a day, travelled daily, had to get lodgings changed every night, got wet through on the journey. With Mr. Newsom I did one act a day, and stayed in one town three months. This engagement elevated my mind. I began to realise I was no novice. A little stranger came to town. I began to pull my chest forward. I prepared for a rainy day.

Mr. Hengler heard of me. He came to see me ride. He offered me £7 a week, twelve months' engagement. I stayed with Mr. Hengler first time five years. I only had six engagements and stayed so long at each establishment—Ginnett, Newsom, Hengler, Rentz in Germany, Cottrellie in France, Forepaw in America. I never lost a week's work, never had a holiday ; I was always sober and attentive to my business. I was with Mr. Hengler's circus in Sheffield. He engaged a German rider.

My Circus Life

He got more money than I did by pounds. This German had plenty of bounce, and he was not up to Mr. Hengler's expectation. One night Mr. Hengler asked me to show this German how to ride. That night I did my best. This man claimed to be one of the best of German riders. Mr. Hengler gave him notice to leave.

Some time after I was riding, and at the finish of my act I did a somersault from my horse. I broke my kneecap. I lay in hospital three months. As I lay there I had a contract for America for £20 a week and all expenses paid for nine months. The doctor told me I would not be able to ride again. I made my mind to that effect. I had a good purse. As Shakespeare said: "Man plays many parts." I played them.

Now we had four children. I made a list of what I could do. I bought a provision shop in King's Cross. I knew nothing of the business, but soon learnt it, and know how to cut up a side of bacon with profit. Mr. Hengler opened his circus in Argyll Street. I supplied the company with provisions. I was getting strong. One day I asked Mr. Hengler if he would let me practise on one of his horses. He was kind enough. I practised, and I surprised myself after twelve months idle from my business. I called Mr. Hengler to see me ride. He did so. Well, he gave me a contract for three months at £7 a week, and if I rode as well as I used to do, he would give me a contract for six months longer, and would give me my old salary of £9 a week.

When I had finished that contract, I joined W.

My Circus Life

Ginnett and Brothers of Mr. Ginnett, as a partner in a circus. We called it the Railway Circus. This was long before Barnum came to England. We travelled by rail. We did well, but my partner lived on boose. I would not put up with that kind of work. We dissolved. I bought a small travelling circus complete near Sheffield. I commenced with one pony. I did well next day and went and bought two horses and a brake, made it into a band carriage. It was hard work. When I left that town I had seven horses and a pony. It is no easy matter to make a small circus pay.

After being a proprietor for seven months, Mr. Hengler offered me a contract for twelve months at the old salary of £9 a week. I accepted, stored the tent, sold the horses, kept the pony, and joined Mr. Hengler in Dublin. Now Mr. F. Ginnett offered to accept me as a partner. He had a fine concern of seventy horses. When my contract had finished I accepted Mr. Ginnett's offer. I agreed to become a partner. After the second week from starting I was left with the show. Six weeks passed. I was anxious about my position as a partner. I could not get a reply from Mr. Ginnett, so I wrote to a circus in Berlin, in Germany, a Mr. Rentz, the largest and the best there. I got a contract for twelve months, £13 a week and passage paid. This was in 1871. I landed in Hamburg; the soldiers were leaving for Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. Before leaving Kingstown, Ireland, I wrote Mr. Ginnett, saying: "You have not kept your word. I am leaving. Good luck. Good-bye." I left.

When I got to Berlin I had plenty of opposition.

My Circus Life

I think I kept on top. While with Rentz, Mr. Ginnett wrote me offering to sell his circus for £3,000 ; £900 down, the balance by instalments. I accepted. When my agreement was finished, I went to Belfast. I took charge of the show and travelled Ireland. Business was not good. I chartered a boat and crossed from Dublin to Holyhead, Wales. I had good business. I had seventy horses, sixteen carriages and twelve ponies, and a tenting plant. Mr. Ginnett was like a fish out of water. He wrote me asking if I would accept him as a partner. At this time I was doing good business. I answered I would consider it.

I travelled Wales and went to Rhyl. I was doing somersaults on horseback. As I jumped off I broke my leg. Now I thought of Mr. Ginnett's proposal. I accepted Mr. Ginnett as a partner ; I could not do anything else. I had no one of my own with me ; there was no alternative but to accept Mr. Ginnett as partner. I travelled with the agent. My leg was getting no better. I thought my leg worth all the circuses, so I offered the show back to my boss. He paid me out. I left him.

CHAPTER III

I WENT to live with my wife's mother at Stratford-on-Avon. We had at that time five children. One had the measles. I put the four others with her who had the complaint. They all had the measles together. It saved a lot of bother.

My leg was getting better, and the children got well, and after being there six weeks Mr. Hengler again offered a contract at the old salary. I accepted, thinking my leg would be fit for riding. I joined at Dublin, and got on pretty satisfactorily. After that engagement was up I joined Mr. Rentz again, in 1874, at Budapest, Hungary, and went to all the best towns in Germany, Austria, Moravia, Bulgaria and Saxony. All went well. I had my two sons with me. Mr. Rentz would not permit me to practise my boys, so I left at the end of my contract.

I joined a circus in France—Cottrellie, in St. Omar—at less money for the sake of getting my two sons on. They made great improvement. My eldest son rode an act on a bare-back horse at five years of age. I had two horses. The circus began to have bad business. I lent the proprietor money. We travelled all over France. I got another offer from Mr. Hengler at £16 a week at Liverpool, so I gave my notice. Mr. Cottrellie owed me £150. I got all but £8. I thought I was lucky. Soon after I left the show bust up.

My Circus Life

By this time my sons got clever and could ride well—and Double Musical Clowns and Double Tight Rope—the Lloyd Brothers. It was acknowledged the finest performance, and they finished artists. Theirs was an act that never was copied.

One night I was riding my horse, and, jumping a hurdle, she fell and broke her fetlock. I had to have her killed.

While in Liverpool I got an offer for America at £35 a week for nine months. It was the largest circus in America. They had 223 horses, 22 elephants, 2 white sacred bulls, 16 camels, 32 cages of wild animals, 22 freaks of Nature, etc. It was hard work. A parade round the town on horseback for two, sometimes three, hours, two performances daily, and the heat terrible. The working of this show was wonderful. We travelled by train. They had 122 tent men, 25 property men, saddlers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and 6 cooks. I have known us get into a town at 7.35, and 200 people have sat down for breakfast at nine o'clock in the eating tent. They had seven large tents. The largest tent could hold 15,000 people. We have had it crammed twice a day.

We called at St. Louis, a large town. They have a yearly celebration, called "The Vale of the Prophet." At our first performance the tent was full. There was a most distinguished person who patronised us—*The Great Sitting Bull*, the great Indian Chief. He was on his way to Washington to get better terms for the Indians. After the first performance the chief was talking to Mr. Forepaw,

My Circus Life

the proprietor. The chief asked who was that man who rode that wild horse. I was just passing at the time ; Mr. Forepaw called me and introduced me to the chief. I offered my hand. He put both his arms around me, and we rubbed noses three times together. I thought at one time he was going to kiss me. I must say it was a novelty. I was pleased when he released me. It lasted five minutes. I would not have minded had it been his sister. She could have hung on for thirty minutes. The interpreter told me the chief said he was delighted with my riding. The chief stood about seven feet, and was broad-shouldered. He had his war-paint on, and was in full costume.

Another event going West. I saved our train from being wrecked, and no doubt saved lives. We were travelling at night and going at a good rate. It was about 3 a.m. The car just before the one I was in left the rails and, running on the sleepers, made a fearful bumping. All our people were asleep. I was the only one that was up, for I loved to see the rivers and mountains and waterfalls by moonlight. I shouted my hardest, but in vain. At a great risk (I was very foolish, and I got no thanks for what I did) I climbed to the top of the cars and crawled along till I got near the engine. I shouted. No use. I threw my hat at the driver. It had effect. The train was stopped, and only in time, for had we gone 500 yards more we would have come to a trestle bridge over a wide river. It delayed the show four hours. Thank goodness, I am able to tell the tale !

Three weeks after an accident happened, going

My Circus Life

down South this time. It was a collision. A pilot engine ran into one of our cars, which contained all the freaks of Nature—giants, dwarfs, skeletons, fat women, fat men, a dog-faced woman, tall and thin men, and the bearded lady. That car was smashed. It was fun, but sad. No one was hurt. It was dark. When daylight came it was laughable to see the tall and fat men and women struggling to get through the carriage windows—the dwarfs and skeletons trying to get out. The fat women got jammed in the doorway. They were screaming and shouting, and the dwarfs and thin men were outside laughing. It was twenty minutes before they were released. Half the door had to be sawn away. All the other freaks enjoyed it. The fat women did not. The driver of the pilot engine got off, and ran away into a wood. Thirty of the tent men ran after him. They were away twenty minutes. The men came back. They seemed satisfied. I learnt two days afterwards that they had killed the engine driver, but “mum’s the word.” We had no show that night.

When the company arrived in a town it was like a village coming. It was a sight to see the men erect those large tents, and pull down and pack up to go away the next morning.

We showed in John’s Town, Pennsylvania. In the midday show some of our working men struck a town man because he was cutting the canvas. While we were performing at night we saw a good crowd coming towards the tent. They were going to have revenge for their town man being struck. Fortunately our men got tidings of their intention.

My Circus Life

Our men were prepared, and in fighting form. The mob rushed through the canvas. The audience rushed out of the tent. I should think there were 5,000 people. Our men were lying down and met the enemy with a volley of shots. I got under a table in the dressing tent, because they could see the shadow outside of any one on the canvas. One of the American artists said: "Come out, you English coward." I replied: "I am not used to being shot at." About twelve o'clock things got quiet. I thought all was safe to go to town, which was four miles. I got well off the show ground. There was one coach waiting for one more passenger. I jumped in. I was overjoyed, thinking I was safe. We got about two miles from the show ground when the carriage was stopped by a gang of men. They asked if there was any of the show boys in the carriage. Imagine my feelings! It was lucky for me that day I bought an American large hat. We all looked around and at each other. We all said "No." This was the first and only time I tried to imitate an American's voice. I said: "I guess no." The crowd shouted "Pass on." Fancy, had I been recognised I would have met my doom! I hastened to the sleeping cars and got there safe. The show ground looked like a battlefield. There were five dead and sixteen wounded. The wounded were taken to the hospital. We heard no more about it, because the town boys were the aggressors.

A narrow escape I had. That season we went into Canada, and stayed six months. We crossed Lake Superior and landed at a town called Stratford. We stayed there seven days. Near that town there

My Circus Life

was a large Indian camp of 700. Our business was good. I think we had 500 Indians at the first performance. After the performance was over I was standing looking at the Indians. One of the girls came up to me, and said: "You very good." Her father came up. After a little talk the father invited me to their camp. I said I couldn't come to-day. Now the girl's mother came up. They persuaded me to promise to go up the next day. I did. I thanked them for the invite. They could speak English somewhat.

I went up the next day. The parents made a fuss of me. The mother told me that her daughter had fallen in love with me. Would I stay? I promised I would go up the next day. I did so. They must have relied on my word, for when I got there the next day I saw the nice preparation made. There were fifty Indians on horseback round the chief, and when I made my appearance the Indians gave a loud whoop. The chief showed me into his tent. The Indians gave a shout and galloped away. I sat down to an Indian feast. When it was over, the father asked me to stop with them, and I could marry his daughter. She seemed to be a nice girl. He offered if I married his daughter he would give me a large reserve and a camp, also thirty horses, ploughs, etc. The Indians came back and gave a joy dance. One Indian looked at me in a ferocious manner. He turned sulky. He gave some trouble. The chief gave orders for him to be taken away. Perhaps he was jealous and wanted the girl. The father and mother were holding my hand. They begged of me to stop. I told them my contract

My Circus Life

with the circus would be finished on November 1st. I would come and see them after that. When the girl knew I was going she began to cry. I kissed her, and told her only two months more and I would come and see her. The chief thought he would be generous, and he presented me with an Englishman's scalp. I tried to show I was pleased with the gift. I dared not refuse his generosity. I thought of my own scalp. We rubbed noses and kissed the mother and daughter. Had I not been married no doubt I might have taken it on. I left. As soon as I was out of sight I buried the scalp. They were very kind. I was glad I was married.

I saved £300 that season. I had a narrow escape of losing it all. During the season I made friends with a ticket seller, and on arriving in New York, two days before sailing for England, my friend took me to see the sights in the Bowery. That part is worse than Whitechapel. I had my season's savings on me in English money, and my friend, I think, knew it. He treated me to beer. He wanted me to throw dice. My suspicion was aroused. I asked him what he would have to drink. A thought then just struck me. I said to my friend: "Lend me a dollar. I will give you it on leaving the bank. I have no small money, only Bank of England notes." He lent me the dollar. Had I got the roll of notes out of my pocket, the vile company I was in would have robbed me. I think I escaped well. The lie saved me.

CHAPTER IV

WE sailed for England. I got a contract from Mr. Ginnett's Circus in Southampton, and stayed with him for two months. My sons and I joined Sanger's Circus at Norwich. During that engagement Lord John Sanger and Company gave a performance at Sandringham for the coming of age of the Duke of Clarence and all the Royal Family. Myself and three sons were selected to appear. It was a grand sight. My youngest son did perform on the tight wire. The two eldest performed on the double tight ropes, playing violins and turning somersaults while so doing without losing a note.

My contract finished the end of March. We sailed again for America. We landed after seven days' passage at New York, took train to Philadelphia. Another season with the big show. We showed three days in that town. I gained plenty of experience that season. No one knows the risk an artist runs with a circus in that country; he deserves all he can get. There were six men killed that season. One of the dangers is after the night's performance. You have to go in search of your sleeping cars; sometimes they are on a siding three or four miles away. On dark nights you must carry a lantern. You walk up the track, and there are cow stoppers, that is, places where the sleepers

My Circus Life

of the rail are a yard apart to prevent cattle roving up the line. If you are not careful where you tread, you will fall through between the opening into a river. A young Englishman, an artist, fell through, and was washed away by the current and never was seen any more. 'Think of the parents' grief on leaving the town! This happened at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

That season I slept in a car opposite two head men. They had plenty of money. The bunks were facing each other like on board a ship, only a passage between. These men slept with their fingers on the trigger of a revolver. I was pleased they were not dreamers—the muzzle of their guns faced my bunk. I always let them get out of bed first for fear I should wake them. Dollars are more preferable than life in America.

That season we travelled down south. My sons and I caught fever. I had it but slightly; my sons had it very bad. Our work was a struggle, for my poor boys, they were very weak. The going to the cars at night was the worst part of the day's work. My boys could scarcely walk, so they had to ride piggy-back. I carried them in turns. The eldest boy was so bad, as I was carrying him, he vomited over my shoulder. I was told it was one in two hundred that got over it. When in New Orleans I saw a man fall dead with the same. At one time I thought we were doomed. I was told by the doctor that we had a marvellous escape.

I bought two crocodiles; I kept them two months. After I brought them to England they grew very fast. They slept in my bed in America.

My Circus Life

The mosquitoes feast on you. You go to bed looking yourself; in the morning you have lumps and bumps on your face.

We went to Pittsburgh, Penn. I was riding, and fell from my horse and dislocated my shoulder. I got on my horse again and finished my performance. No one knew it till I sent for a doctor. I rode the same night. You can't get a true friend in America. In that same town Leonattie, an English artist, in ascending a spiral column on a bicycle, fell twenty-five feet. He was carried into the dressing tent, and laid on the cold ground. I could not attend to him as I was just going into the ring. When I had finished and got back in the dressing tent, Leonattie was lying in the same place. No one took any notice; there were twenty other artists. I did all I could for him, and I was pleased he performed at night.

We journeyed to Emporia City out west. A lot of cowboys patronised the first performance. They were a wild lot. They appreciated all the riding. The head cowboy went to Mr. Forepaw, the boss, and asked: "Who was that guy that rode that bronco? He is not bad. I guess we have a boy that can ride better than him. I will bet you five hundred dollars our kid will beat him." The boss wanted to say nothing. All the cowboys shouted: "You have no go in you." They annoyed the boss. He sent for me, and asked what I thought about it. At that moment it looked like as if we were going to have trouble. I said: "I will do my best. I stand a good chance."

The boss threw a 200-dollar bill on the ground

My Circus Life

and said: "Cover that." No sooner was the boss's bill on the ground than a cowboy like lightning grabbed it and jumped on to a horse that was standing close by. As the horse started I caught hold of the horse's tail. I vaulted on to the horse behind the cowboy. The horse was going at a good speed. I forced the horse to get beyond their reach. I caught the cowboy by the throat, and gripped him my hardest. He got so weak, I took the bill from him and threw him from the horse and galloped on two miles, then got off the horse and let him loose. I made my way to the sleeping cars. I did not perform that night. The cowboys stayed in that town till midnight. They searched for me. Mr. Forepaw got to know I was in the sleeping car. He sent four policemen to stand by the car all night. Mr. Forepaw came to see me, and I told him what happened. I gave him his bill. I had to hide two days. A number of cowboys followed the show for three days. They thought they would get their own back. There were special men to load the carriages and animals on the railway track. As they were doing so the cowboys galloped by them and fired and wounded five of our men, also fired at the sleeping cars. Several bullets passed through them. It was lucky I changed my bunk the night before, for a bullet went through my usual bunk. It is the custom there if you hear a gun to throw yourself on the floor. We left that town, and I was happy once more.

Another little trouble over.

We visited Detroit, Michigan. It was the first time. We got there in a cyclone. I hope it will be the

My Circus Life

last. It came about 6.30. We could see it coming towards the show ground. It struck all the tents, which were destroyed, all but the animal tent. An hour after a waterspout fell within two hundred yards from the ground. It was a good job it missed the menagerie tent. Had the lions and tigers got loose there would have been a fearful catastrophe. It was a nice sight to see the cyclone, but not the effects. There was no show that night. We travelled next morning, and performed twice daily. All went on as usual. It was surprising the way it was managed. It would open those people's eyes who have never left their own doorstep; they would gain more knowledge in one season than they would in ten years in England.

When I was down south I took a delight in visiting the coloured people and their churches on Sundays. It is amusing to see and hear them sing. They give vent to their feelings and show their white teeth. They are nice people and very hospitable.

We called at Boston, New England—a fine town. Two strange incidents happened. The show stayed three days. In the morning Jumbo, the large elephant, killed a boy, and nearly killed his keeper. They made the elephant more secure. We were having our supper at 6.30. Jumbo gave a roar which nearly shook the earth, and all the wild animals joined in. It was that which an elephant is most afraid of. All the company jumped from the table, and ran to the elephant's tent. We saw Jumbo with his trunk curled up and his legs close together and discovered the reason. It was a

My Circus Life

mouse running between his legs. The mouse escaped. The reason the elephant is afraid of the mouse is that he fears it running up his trunk.

We called at a town called St. Joe. It is in the State of Missouri. The day the circus was there Jesse James, the notorious American Jack Sheppard, was to be hanged. I heard people ask each other where they were going—to the circus? or to the hanging? One man said: "I am going where the most fun is. I am going to the hanging."

I found out the motto of America. If you do not do them, they will do you. "Get rich quick" is their aim. I saw more shooting and killing than I want to see again.

CHAPTER V

THE show closed. I made another contract with Mr. Ginnett, at Portsmouth, for three months.

I was not pleasing myself in the way I was riding. I started a circus from Manchester, and I had a good company : my three sons, Alexandria, the Cannon Ball King—he caught a cannon ball fired from a cannon—and acrobat clowns. I had a good performance, did well, and stayed two days.

I travelled England two months. That two months I did very bad business. I chartered a boat from Whitehaven to Belfast. My expenses were £17 a day. I had seventeen horses and nine carriages. The first night in Ireland I took £14. I thought the tide had turned after taking £2 or £2 10s. a day in England. I went to all the best towns and never looked back. My programme was a novelty and gave great satisfaction. My sons caused a sensation, and my show got a good reputation, and it travelled before me. I never knew what work was before, especially in Ireland. I got but little sleep. The men were porter eaters.* The roughs of the town are worse than wild Indians. They cut the canvas and ropes and destroyed our carriages. I often thought how nice it would be to be in an engagement and have no trouble. I wanted to play at circuses ! The hard work and little sleep ! I cared

* Men who drink to excess.

My Circus Life

not. I could not take the money fast enough. I had made a name in Ireland. I wintered in Belfast, and stayed there, getting everything painted and repaired for starting Easter Monday.

That winter I trained two pigs to perform together. I put them in harness. Each drew a carriage and a clown driving. I started Easter Monday. I had a large new tent, in which I had a racing track, and gave horse-racing, chariot-racing and Roman-racing, and the two pigs racing in their little carriage. The way they went seemed as if they were in earnest, and squeaking all the while. They had often a collision and upset the clowns ; they were made right again. Off they popped, tearing away—the biggest of the two always cut the corners off to get first.

I have trained pigeons and goats to ride on horseback, and also trained a goose, a ram and monkeys. My pig Jack was a most respectable pig ; if he saw a pig on one side of the street, he would cross to the other. I trained ten goats to perform together, donkeys, horses and ponies. Jack slept under my carriage, and he never left it. He was as good as a watchdog. I will maintain that my pig Jack had an affection for me. He was always going about uneasy until he found me. If my goose was in another field, I only had to blow a whistle, and he would come flying to me and drop at my feet, and quack as much as to say, "I am here." For advertisement, in every town I took my performing donkey holding a basket in his mouth, followed by Jack the pig, Johnny the goose, the ram, and three goats. Fancy these following a



Advance Advertising Agent.

My Circus Life

man down a street! I have heard it said that animals cannot be trained without cruelty. This was not done by cruelty. I remember one day the billposter came to me with his bill to be paid. The ram stood on his hind legs, rushed at the billposter, and butted him and sent him to the ground. My Joey the donkey also went for him. The billposter took himself off! Was all this obtained by cruelty? If there is such a thing as love in animals, they had it for me. Strange to say, the goat I taught to ride and jump over objects on horseback, ten minutes before he was wanted, could not be found, but directly the music was played he would rush from somewhere into the ring and run up the steps on to the horse. Could this be done by cruelty?

The first thing I taught my animals was to know me; next, obedience (it takes a little longer). I trained a "Good-night" horse, that is, he laid down, and I threw a sheet to him, and he would catch hold of it by his teeth and cover himself. I would also throw a pillow to him, and he would put it under his head, and if it was not comfortable, he would make it so. This was the only horse that did this difficult trick. Could this be done by cruelty? One year I advertised a donkeys' garden party. Three ponies were working a see-saw on a long plank, the centre pony working it, two donkeys valseing head and tail, a pony pushing a barrel, two ponies sitting up to table having supper, a sixteen-hand-high donkey marching round the ring; Joey, the donkey, was turning an organ with his mouth. All the above was going on at the same time. Was

My Circus Life

all this done by cruelty? The public opinion : the masterpiece of training.

The worst journey I had in Ireland was from Tralee. Part of the journey was uphill. That season I had a pack of foxhounds, and did a stag hunt. I bought them at a moderate price, as the farmers would not let hunting go on. It was during the boycotting in Ireland. On top of the hill there were about eighty men standing on each side of the road waiting for the show. As the show was passing they threw stones at us ; broke the glass on the carriages. My men drove the horses on to get by at a gallop. There was no cause for this. I was in the last carriage, and saw what was happening. I jumped out of my carriage ; the dogs were behind me. As they saw me running they all followed, barking as they ran. The people saw the dogs ; they ran helter-skelter, falling over each other. I had an imitation revolver. The pack of hounds followed me. One man just got into his house and closed the door when a number of the dogs jumped at the door. Had the hounds caught him, there would have been little left of him ; it would have been a bad job for me, and worse for the man. The men shouted ; the women screamed. Fortunately the people lived near, and they got in their houses quick. The dogs went mad. A big farmer met me with a hayfork. I left the house, and had great difficulty in calling off the dogs. At last I got all the dogs under control. The next year I passed the same spot. They had had a lesson from the past year, and let the show pass quietly.

In October of that year I ran into winter quarters

My Circus Life

in Waterford. I bought a farm of seventy-two acres. Acres of land in Ireland are larger than in England; the same as their miles, which are a quarter of a mile longer than ours. I turned my horses out to grass, and built sheds for them to run in at nights, and grew oats and had plenty of hay. I had this farm for thirteen years, and kept a man on the farm all the year round. I got my circus plant ready for starting on Easter Monday.

I opened in Waterford—wonderful business. I stayed two days; the second day I gave a prize of £10 for a horse-jumping competition. Mr. Wedger, the big horse dealer, who was so well known, entered twenty of his horses. I had fifty entries. This was done in my large tent. It was a great success. Mr. Wedger won the prize. I was told the “Wild Man of Borneo,” which was Mr. Wedger’s horse, one year won the Grand National and won my prize.

Next day we travelled to Carrick-on-Suir, sixteen Irish miles, that is, twenty English miles. We got in town late—at 4.30. We had no mid-day performance; a great crowd got round and in the tent. All was ready for opening. We could not get all the people out of the tent, nor would they pay. About three hundred remained, and I sent my son to sell tickets in a wagon. There was nothing for it but to perform. Had we not done so they would have wrecked my tent. My son only sold £3 of tickets. The tent could hold 2,300 and was crammed. The performance began. I knew my performance would give satisfaction. I put some of my best numbers first, so as I could get the

My Circus Life

audience in a good humour. After a little time I entered the ring. I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this being my first visit to your town, I wish to come again." One man shouted out: "Come soon." I said: "I have every confidence when the performance is over you will be delighted; and after you have seen the Lloyd Bros., you will say this is the best performance in Ireland." I also said on account of the rush of people a great number did not pay, and so far I had not taken enough money to buy corn for the horses. "Surely, ladies and gentlemen, after what you have seen, and better remains to come—I know an Irishman's motto, 'Live and let live'—I will come round with my hat, and those that did not pay, please do so, as I cannot leave your town in debt." I went round with my hat, and to my surprise I got £31 5s. 6d. I thought I had got well out of that difficulty. There is nothing like stratagem and showmanship.

That season we called at Ballymena. All the carriages got into the town but the box carriage. It contained all the performers' dresses. I had to miss the first performance. All was ready waiting for this carriage; the lamps lit, and a great crowd outside waiting to buy tickets. The people began to get tired of waiting. An idea struck me to sell the tickets. I gave orders to let none in without a ticket, but told the ticket-holders to keep their tickets, and not to lose them. Why I did so was that if there had not been a performance I would have known how much they had paid should I have to return their money. The band played to kill time. No carriage came. I could wait no longer.

My Circus Life

I entered the ring, and said : “ Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry to inform you that the carriage containing the artists’ dresses has not arrived. I throw myself on your indulgence. We have clever artists, and a good performance. Shall we commence the performance ? ” One man shouted out : “ Go on, ye divils, and show us what you have. To hell with the dresses ! ” We commenced the show ; it looked strange. The clowns turned their coats inside out, and turned their trousers up, and the street boat riders and acrobats in shirt sleeves. There was one lady who had her costume, and she lent it to three other performers. The show nearly half over, the carriage arrived. The second part began. Oh ! what a difference was there ! Another trouble over.

CHAPTER VI

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

THE season of 1902 we travelled from Downpatrick, nineteen Irish miles, a soft road. We were just turning in the field, where we were going to erect the tent, when the driver of my daughter's Pullman car, through his carelessness, turned the car over. My daughter was in bed ; she was thrown out, and the stove fell on her ; she was badly hurt.

The same morning one of my men was driving the pole carriage when he ran over a boy, whom he very badly hurt. The same week a groom took three horses to water in a river out of their depth. The man fell off the horse, and was drowned. I thought I would have lost the horses, but they swam. The tide was going out. There was a high wall where they could not land. They swam alongside this wall, and I got a rope, and let a man down the wall. We managed to let the man down just where the horses were swimming. The man caught hold of a horse—the three horses were coupled together—and he tied the rope round one horse's neck. We went along on top of the wall, and pulled the horses where they could land. Another trouble over.

The same season I had engaged the great Minting, who ascended a spiral column forty-six feet high

My Circus Life

on a one-wheel bicycle. He was a great novelty. We got the mid-day's performance over at 4.30. There was a great crowd at 6.30 waiting for the second performance. As I was about selling tickets there came on a fearful storm and great winds. They blew all the tents down, smashed poles, ripped the tents, and broke Minting's spiral. Everybody lay flat on the ground, and no one was hurt. We packed up ready for starting away. I was fortunate in getting 250 poles. I started with two carriages at eleven that night for the next town early, in order to mend the tents. I gave orders to the stud groom to start at five next morning. On their arrival the tent was ready to erect. That day things went on as usual as if nothing had happened. Another trouble over. *This was a lesson from America.*

The next week a driver went asleep on the horses, and the carriage went into a ditch. It took four hauliers to get it out.

The week after a bandsman fell off a wagon and broke his arm. It promised to be a bad and unlucky season. It was a very hard one for me.

We were travelling from Killorglin to Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry, thirty-two Irish miles, a long, hilly road. We started after the performance, at twelve o'clock. It was raining hard, and dark. I rode on horseback, carrying a flaring lamp to show the way and keep the drivers awake. I did this till daylight. There was only one hotel on the road at which I could give the horses meal and water. My tent master and stud groom left me in the lurch. We got into the town at 4.30 p.m., and crowds of people

My Circus Life

were waiting for the circus. It was raining hard all the time; the field looked as if it had been ploughed up. I had to act tent master and stud groom. I opened the circus. As it was raining, the people made a rush to get in. When they were inside they rushed with such force on to the seats that the supports gave way. No one was hurt. The show over, it was a good thing for me it began to rain harder, and the people dispersed. I know the people were not satisfied, but the rain drove them away, otherwise the tent would have suffered. It was impossible to do justice, for the field was a quagmire. Now I had to pack up ready for the road. The next day, Sunday, we had to travel, for we had a long journey. We started at six next morning, back to Killorglin to stay the night, and away the next morning for Tralee.

On the road to Killorglin a groom drove a carriage the wrong way, and another groom backed a carriage into a ditch; a little more trouble in sight for me. I got into Killorglin, all but these two carriages. I got on horseback and took two horses with me to find the carriages and bring them to town. I found them seven miles away—one carriage with a wheel off, the other with the pole broken. Seeing this made me scratch my head. I got some men from a farm to help me, and we got the carriage all right. We had to go seven miles.

I had no sleep for two nights. I got into Killorglin at twelve at night, and had to start for Tralee on Monday at 5 a.m. We got into the town at seven o'clock. *It is strange how soon one forgets the past troubles.* The sun shone again, and there was

My Circus Life

good business. There are no two days alike with a circus. The amount of trials and troubles will make a man ever ready for any eventuality. We can bear easy what we have borne long. A man used to vicissitude is not easily dejected.

One week after a bandsman was getting on to a carriage as it was going, and got his leg between the spokes and broke it. I set it. The same week we called at a town, Athboy, Co. Meath. This was always an unlucky town for me. We got the circus ready. The tent was erected by the side of a river. It came on to rain, and the field was flooded. We could not perform that night; a day lost.

The same season we travelled from Abbeyfeale to Castle Island, Co. Kerry. It was the bed of moonlighters. At the night show a big man tried to force his way into the circus without paying. I was taking the tickets. He came to me, and asked: "Where is Mr. Lloyd? I want to go in the circus," he said, "let me in." I said, "If I let you in I will get the sack, I know you would not wish that." He said: "I know Mr. Lloyd well. If I could see him, he would let me in." My man pushed him out, and he fell. He went away. I thought that it was finished, but not so. In that town lodgings were very difficult to get. I had to sleep in a three-bedded room with some of my artists. In the middle of the night I heard a great shouting. I got up. I could see no one. I lit a candle. I saw one of my artists with a broken nose, and with his face bleeding—his face was covered with blood—and a brick was by the man's side. It was six weeks before he could resume work. I believe

My Circus Life

this man was taken for me. This was because the man was pushed out of the circus. What an escape I had !

The same season we travelled from Granard to Longford, seventeen Irish miles. A most melancholy accident happened six and a half miles, half-way to Longford, at Edgeworthstown. That morning I drove my carriage in front to get in the village to have meal and water ready in time when the others arrived. When I had got all ready, I saw at a distance one of my men on horseback, galloping towards me. He rode up to me and said, "Mr. Lloyd, go back. Little Artie" (that was my youngest son, fourteen years old) "has hurt his hand." I said, "Tell my two sons to drive on quick." My man persuaded me to go back. I jumped on the horse and galloped back, and before I reached the carriages I saw my two eldest sons with their sleeves smeared with blood. I felt sure that something very serious had happened. They had put my darling son in my daughter's carriage. I went in there, and beheld my son dead. Imagine my feelings at such a sight ! It was only an hour before he had been by my side well. My son had accidentally shot himself. I took the reins from the driver and galloped into the village for a doctor, who pronounced my boy dead. I could not cry. I became dumb. I must have lost my reason, for I was told afterwards that I did some strange things. The people of the village gathered round me. I went on my knees, and said, "God's will be done." I don't think there was a dry eye. My company loved the boy. At this time the churchyard was closed for burials. They

My Circus Life

wanted my boy to be buried in the new cemetery—my boy would have been the first—but a friend of mine in the village went and dug a grave in the old churchyard (he moved a policeman), close to Miss Edgeworth, the great writer. There my boy lies at rest.

It was a melancholy sight. Nearly all the population of the village followed to the grave. I left the village for Longford, and was met by hundreds of people in sympathy. I sent to Limerick for a monument, a broken column. By the end of that week I went back to the village to see the stone was properly erected. I sent my man with a lorry to fetch the stone from the station. He came back and said, "Mr. Lloyd, the railway has broken the stone. I would not pay for it, so I would not bring it." I explained to him that the broken column signified broken in life, then he admired it.

That happened on May 26th, 1896. Ever after the people have kept his grave clean. Three months after, my show visited the village. It was on a Saturday. We stayed there on the Sunday, and I got permission from the vicar for my band and my company to sing hymns after the service. My band and company met at the grave. The band played the "Old Hundredth," "Nearer my God to Thee," "I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me and Rest," "Come unto Me, ye weary," "I was a wandering sheep." The vicar preached and said a prayer over the grave.

This took place at nine o'clock. All was quiet and still. The music echoed through the village and attracted hundreds of people of all denomina-

My Circus Life

tions to the graveside. The churchyard was full with drooping heads. There was not a dry eye, in sympathy for my dear boy and for myself. The ceremony was very impressive and solemn. At the close of "Amen" all the people stood so silent with eyes on my boy's grave. They stood from five to ten minutes, and then they walked away with a light step, as if they were afraid of waking the dead.

I visited that village every year for ten years. I carried out the same ceremony each year. The inhabitants looked forward to the event.

By this time I had begun to know what hard work was and sleepless nights and disappointments. What with drunken grooms and musicians, and accidents and the roughs of the towns destroying my property, it was enough to make a man a coward. I stuck to it and pulled through.

CHAPTER VII

My circus was travelling from Larne to Ballymena, in the north of Ireland, twenty Irish miles ; a cold morning and a very hilly road. Some of the carriages got stuck on a hill. Starting travelling after a rest of five months the horses' shoulders are tender. I had to put six horses on some of the carriages to get up the hills. One of the horses I was driving got beaten up. I could not get on. I went to a farmer's house to hire a horse to help to draw my carriage into the town. I hired a horse. I said, " If this horse suits me will you sell, and how much ? " The horse gave satisfaction, and I bought him. A very strange coincidence happened to this horse. Now I travelled the same journey four years after. Two weeks before we visited that part this horse fell ill. I kept it out of harness. He was tied behind a carriage ; this carriage went slow. On account of the horse being tied all the carriages passed the slow carriage. The slow carriage got into town an hour after the other. I asked about the sick horse, for he was nowhere to be found. I sent one of my sons back on horseback to find him. My son came back without the horse. He told me he had made enquiries at all the farmhouses, and that one farmer had told him a horse was trying to get into his front gate, and that he got up and drove it away. " It went over there," he said, pointing

My Circus Life

to a farmhouse. My son went to the farm. To his surprise, he found my horse lying dead at his old master's door. My son woke the farmer up, and when the wife saw it, she burst into tears. Think, after four years, dying at his old master's door !

The season of 1904, for an attraction, I engaged twelve Zulus to give their war and marriage dances and other dances, appearing in their native costume, with shields, assegais and large knives. In a town called Kanturk one of the Zulus went up town. (These Zulus lived in a tent on the field.) One of the town boys threw stones at him. The Zulu chased them. A crowd got round the Zulu, who ran his hardest to the tent, and told the other Zulus what had happened. At this time we were selling tickets and a great number of people were buying them, and a crowd of people coming up the road. Just then I was standing at the ticket carriage. I heard a loud shout, and out rushed the twelve Zulus fully armed—shields, spears and assegais, yelling their hardest. The sudden sight drove all the people from buying tickets, and those that were coming up the road ran back. It was fortunate that I was by the ticket carriage. These men nearly caused a panic. I ran up to the chief (he could understand a little English). The Zulus went through their war dance in the street yelling. The chief said, "White man destroy black man." After a little I pacified him, and he called his men together. They did their dance of joy. They turned and marched back, singing in their language. A number of people thought all this was in my arrangement. I would not let them perform that night. They

My Circus Life

caused a deal of trouble, and I got rid of them before the season was finished. That season closed, I trained ten goats to perform together in my idle time that winter.

The next season I had great opposition—Powell and Clark's Circus, who had 150 horses and thirty carriages. They looked on my circus as an easy victory. They had been in Ireland eleven years and had no opposition. They thought they were the masters of the situation. At this time I only had nineteen horses, six ponies and nine carriages. They tried, like an eagle would pounce on its prey. They sent out scouts and bills condemning my circus. They tried their hardest to get in a town the same day as my circus. One of Powell and Clark's men came to me one day, saying he had left Powell and Clark's Circus, and could I give him a job. This man was a decoy. He said he could not get his money. I grasped the purport of this. I said: "You are the kind of man I want." This trick was done to get to know what part of the county I was going to. I engaged this man at £3 a week. I said: "Consider yourself engaged." I wrote a telegram, and gave it to the decoy to take to the post office. The telegram was to my agent. It was directed to where my agent was *not*. I told him to take towns I did not intend going to. This was to deceive Powell and Clark, and I gave the man 2s. for the wire. He went. I never saw him again. The little circus proprietor was not to be caught! Through that wire I got well in front of his circus. The opposition circus arrived at Clonmel on the morning my circus was leaving. Powell

My Circus Life

and Clark discharged the decoy. I ran into winter quarters that season with forty horses, ten ponies, eighteen carriages, and four donkeys.

The next season I started from Waterford. We were travelling to Thurles. How I sold a useless horse. I tried to lose it. As we were starting early one morning I had a little trouble with this horse. I stopped the show, and told one of my men "to take the lame horse and tie him to the gate of that farm," pointing to one, and "come away." The man did so. We had eleven Irish miles to go. We arrived in the town early. After the first performance a man came to me, and asked if I had lost a horse. I said, "I am not sure. I will go and look." I found one short. "One of my best draught horses," I said, "fetch it, and I will give you five shillings." The man said: "Will you sell?" "No," said I, "he is one of the best workers. I don't wish. Fetch him." The man offered me £4. He said he was a poor man with a large family, and his wife was ill in bed and would be confined to-morrow. I said: "You can't blame me for that." He pestered me so much that I said, "If you want the horse give me £10, and the horse is yours." After a lot of haggling I sold the horse for £7 10s. I got well out of that horse.

We were travelling from Kilkenny. On the road I bought a horse. He turned out a bad kicker. I soon stopped his kicking. It delayed me on the road. I put a cavezon on him, secured two lines from his nose to the hind legs and, every time the horse kicked, he kicked his nose and nearly brought himself to his knees. That's one of my ways of

My Circus Life

breaking a kicker. The nose of a horse is the most sensitive part. I bought another kicker for little money. This one was a terror, and I knew it. I bought him cheap, and put him in a three-horse load, and fastened one of his forelegs up. I drove him three miles. I had it so arranged that I could let his leg down with a cord after three miles. I let his leg down. He went quiet for a while, then he began kicking again. With the cord I pulled his leg up again. In two journeys he went all right.

The show was travelling one Sunday to Limerick. On the road I met a gentleman riding a beautiful red and white horse. I stopped him, and asked if he would sell it. He replied : " I would talk about it, if it was not Sunday." I said : " Now, supposing it was not Sunday, would you sell it ? " He said : " Supposing it was not Sunday, I would." I said : " Supposing it was not Sunday, what do you ask for the horse ? " " Supposing it was not Sunday, I would take thirty-five pounds." I said : " Now, supposing it was not Sunday, I will give you twenty-eight pounds." He said : " My last words. If it was not Sunday I would take thirty pounds." I said : " Supposing it was not Sunday, I will give you that sum." " Supposing it was not Sunday " I bought the horse. I named it " Supposition."

My circus never started later than 5 a.m. Over twelve Irish miles. Four o'clock and for seventeen miles. All night travelling. Strange things happen. I paid a watchman to call all my people up. Many a time have I had to call my watchman up. He slept in the horse tent. Once I woke him up. He cried out : " I am not asleep. I would not be after

My Circus Life

doing such a mean trick. I was not asleep. I just lay down to think." He was snoring beautifully.

That year in October I bought a circus erected in Ashton-under-Lyne. I did bad business. As it was a large portable building, I had it pulled down, and had it erected at Preston. I did good business and stayed there for three months. I sold the building and went to Cork, Ireland, to get the show ready. I commenced at Cork, and stopped there two days. I did wonderful business.

The winter of 1896, I erected a building at Crewe. Business was good. Three days before I opened the circus, Barnum and Bailey's Circus paid a visit to Crewe. They gave a grand procession through the town. One man drove forty horses. After the parade (I was in the hotel close to the show ground) a gentleman made a remark that it was a wonderful feat to drive so many horses. Another gentleman that knew me asked my opinion. I said that I had no wish to express my opinion. Just then the driver came in the room. He walked in just like a gladiator. I did not know him. They pressed me for my opinion. I said that it was not so wonderful. The driver jumped from his chair and said, "What blame duck said that?" I spoke up. I said it was me. He said, "You undersized sprat, what do you know about driving?" And a few kind American words—a proof that he was no gentleman. He said he would drive any number of horses with any Britisher. He began to bluff. He also said that he had heard there was a man in England that drove twenty horses—that was nothing to forty. I said there was more skill in



Band carriage on parade round the town. James Lloyd driving twelve horses.

My Circus Life

driving twenty horses two abreast than forty four abreast. It is the same length as forty. The four abreast are coupled together ; one horse checks the other. He could not dispute me. He got to know who I was and we parted friendly.

The year of 1897 I went to Arabia to engage a troupe of performing Arabs. While there I made friends with two French officers. They could speak a little English. They invited me to go with them to have some sport. They promised me a treat. We went about twenty-five miles. It was for a shooting contest. I knew nothing about what we were going for. We got on a desert. My friend looked through a powerful telescope. He said, "There is a bunch of wild horses coming towards us." My friend fired and wounded a beautiful mare. He told me that there were two horses in that bunch that had destroyed some of the best horses. He gave me his gun to fire at a certain horse. I fired and wounded a very nice horse. He ran a little lame, and came towards us, and he walked up to where I was standing and fell dead at my feet. I have never used a gun since. It was very touching.

Before I left Arabia I met friends who told me that colts are mounted after they are eighteen months old. An Arab jumps on his back and rides full speed for fifteen or twenty miles without stopping, after which he will jump into water deep enough to swim in. If he will eat after coming out his strength and purity is considered incontrovertible. The chief told me he had a favourite breed of horse. He lost one of his swiftest horses, and for a long time could not discover if it strayed

My Circus Life

or was stolen. Some time after an Arab of another tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected, at last obtained the damsel's consent and eloped with her. The chief followed the lovers. They made a wonderful escape; they were mounted on one horse. The chief swore the fellow must be mounted on the devil, or on his favourite horse which he had lost. The lover was the thief of his mare, as well as his daughter. He stole the mare to enable him to carry the daughter away.

I brought twelve Arabs to Ireland. We travelled that country. They were a great success. We called at a small town called Scarriff. Accommodation was obtained at the only hotel there at 4s. each person. The Arabs found their own food. On arriving at the hotel the landlord was very polite; crowds followed. On entering the hotel the proprietor asked one Arab, thinking he was the chief, what they would have for dinner. The Arab he spoke to was the most uncouth. The Arab shouted something in his language which frightened the landlord. He left the room, and went into his private sitting-room, which was beautifully furnished. To his surprise the Arabs had all their pans and kettles and pots on his beautiful table and chairs, cooking their dinner. The landlord got in a rage and told the Arabs to clear out. They did not understand him, so they all gave a yell. The landlord flew out of the room. The Arabs went on cooking. These men were a novelty in the county. They did good business at the hotel. People went there to see the Arabs.

My Circus Life

We were to start next morning at four o'clock. The landlord had locked the Arabs in their bedrooms. He wanted 2s. more a bed before he would let them out. When my watchman went to call them, they made the watchman understand that they were locked in. The watchman told me of this. I went to see the landlord. He put his head out of his window, and said he would not let them out unless he got 30s. more. He closed his window. One of the Arabs understood a little English. The Arabs had their heads out of their windows. I told them to burst the door open. They did so, and gave a war cry. At this time there were about two hundred people around. The Arabs rushed out of the hotel, and the people scattered !

When the show got three miles out of the town a crowd stood across the road to stop us, and defied us to pass. The Arabs always have their guns and daggers with them, for they performed with them. I told the Arabs to stand in a line. I gave orders not to injure the people, only frighten them. They drew their large knives. Six had guns. The Arabs gave their war cry. I gave orders to charge. They did. The people ran as if it was for their lives. We caught four men. They had large stones about them. They meant mischief. I did not bully them, but explained matters. They were satisfied. The men shook hands with the Arabs. We passed on. Bluff is the standing order of the day in Ireland.

CHAPTER VIII

I WAS boycotted in a town, Portumna, Co. Galway. We arrived in town and erected the tent. All was ready. The town was crowded with people I opened for the first performance. No one attempted to go in. I could not understand it. I tried to find the reason, for my circus was well liked in that town. I went to the priest to learn the reason. I said to him: "Why am I boycotted? I was always respected in this town. Now, to show my respects to the inhabitants, accept two pounds for the poor."

The priest was surprised. I left him. He went to another priest. My generosity was soon circulated. This was about 6.15. At seven o'clock I opened the circus. I was crowded out. Why they boycotted me was, there was another circus in a town four miles away. The circus people got drunk and fought the town people. The public thought it was my circus.

It is so pleasing to the mind to get over trouble.

One week we called at Kilkenny. At the mid-day performance I was walking round the tent. I saw a man making a hole in the canvas to look through. I always carry a stick. I gave this man a clout with my stick on the neck. It dazed him. At that moment one of my men was walking close

My Circus Life

to the man. The town man saw me, and said :
“ Did you see that, Mr. Lloyd ? ”

I said : “ See what ? ”

“ Why, your man strike. I know you are a gentleman. I well know you would not let me be struck by your men. I like your circus. I always pay a shilling to go in when you come to Kilkenny.”

I said : “ I have forbidden my men to ill-use the public, for I live by them.”

The town man pointed to my man : “ That’s the man who struck me.”

I said to my man, winking an eye at the same time : “ How dare you strike this gentleman. I will discharge you. Take what I owe you and clear.”

The town man said : “ Ah, don’t discharge him, Sir, perhaps he did not mean to do it.”

I gave him 6*d.* and told him to go and buy a ticket. It was a bad one. He thanked me, and said he always took me for a gentleman.

The winter of 1889 I secured a building at Barnsley. After I had made all arrangements I learnt that two circuses had failed, and had to be assisted out of town. I thought it was a bad egg. I stayed there three months, and did well. I gave the right stuff. My company and horses left by special train to Dudley, where I had erected a large wooden building costing £500. The first two weeks paid all expenses. I stayed there seventeen weeks. I sent my two sons to Cork, Ireland, to get my circus ready for travelling on Easter Monday. While I was managing the Dudley circus that winter I made

My Circus Life

my mind up to take my circus to France. I chartered a boat from Glasgow. The boat met me at Kingstown, Ireland, for Rouen. I was informed it was only five days' sail. On account of bad weather it took eight days. I sent my agent seven days in front of the show. There were twenty towns billed and dated.

When I arrived on French soil the authorities would not let me unload until landing duty was paid, also a guarantee was paid of £200. A straw could have knocked me down! That was not the end of my trouble. I had to get passports for each of my company, fifty in number, 15s. each. The delay caused me to be nine days behind the dates which were billed in the towns. My salary list was mounting up, and nothing coming in. I got indifferent. I told the authorities they could do as they liked, that if any of my horses died through standing below deck, I should hold them responsible. With a little bluff and palm oil I got £50 off the demand. We unloaded and erected the tent. Just before I was about to open the circus a tall policeman came to me and demanded £4 for police tax. I had to pay that, after a lot of talk. He had no sooner left me when up comes a man with a policeman wanting £2 for music tax. I got out of that. Another man came to me for £2 10s. for stamps for bills, for every bill that is posted you have to put a stamp on.

When I opened the circus the Mayor of the town came to me, and said: "It is usual for the Mayor of this town to have tickets for himself and friends."

Two men walked in the circus and began to take

My Circus Life

tickets. I objected, and I nearly had a fight over it. I learnt it was the rule. They take one penny out of every franc you take. It is called the Poor Tax.

After all this anxiety, trouble and expense, that day I took £4. This kind of business lasted twelve weeks. The best day I had was at Chantilly, the French Newmarket, I took £20. After that I gave up all hope of success in France. I made for Calais seaport. We travelled night and day to reach Calais, crossed to Dover, and travelled to Bristol, where I turned my cattle out to grass and stored my carriages.

I got an engagement in Sheffield to find ten horses and three ponies, and manage Stacey's Circus at a good salary. I was there four months. I went to Barrow-in-Furness and secured a building and opened a circus. I did well. After three months I thought I would have a rest. I bought a hotel at Llandudno—Stanley Hotel, Mostyn Street. I knew nothing about the business, but I learnt all about it and the tricks of the trade. I did so well that the other publicans envied me. I had eight ponies on the sands. I gave lessons in riding, and I had two carriages on the stand. The circus fever came on me, and I was about selling out the hotel for £3,000. I let a very small pony to a gentleman for his child to ride and play with for 30s. a week. This pony would carry a basket in his teeth, and would lie down on the sands. I made my house noted for trippers. I placed a board in front of the house. I was friends with the stationmaster, and he used to tell me when and where a trip came from. If a trip came from Wigan, I had a bill on this board

My Circus Life

"The Wigan House." Wherever the trip came from I had it on this board. It was a bit of showmanship and it paid, for it attracted the trippers.

I sold the hotel for double what I gave for it. I only stayed there three years. I went to Bristol to get the circus plant ready and painted up. I advertised for carpenters, blacksmiths, saddler, painter and wheelwright. I had plenty of letters with good recommendations. It was more like a pantomime. I engaged the men by letter on the Monday, and they turned up. When they arrived I could not but laugh. I thought it was a joke. To have seen these men one would have thought my works were turned into a hospital! The carpenter came; he had one leg and a bandage round his head. The saddler had one eye and had one crutch; he was very lame. The two painters—one had a black eye, the other very bow legs and very lame. The blacksmith stuttered and squinted. The hammerman had St. Vitus' dance. The wheelwright was a dwarf of about four and a half feet high. These men looked very strange and laughable. It was amusing to see my noble army of workers leaving work for dinner! When the blacksmith laughed it was like a duck quacking. The one-armed man told funny tales when working which made the others laugh. When the bell rang for dinner the one-legged man was always out first and in last. When the men laughed the blacksmith joined in with his quacking, which made the men laugh the more. The blacksmith was a strong man. As he squinted it was difficult to understand him. One day the hammerman stayed away. I took his place.

My Circus Life

He had one eye on me and the other on the iron. I was in fear of him hitting me. I remember one day he got a piece of iron from the fire. He began to tell me where to strike the iron, but he stuttered so much that by the time he had finished telling me the iron was cold. He had to red it over again. They were good workmen. The saddler had a dispute with the painter (the one-armed man). The painter got a brush full of paint and dabbed it in his good eye.

The one-armed painter (he was an Irishman) came to me one day and said: "Mr. Lloyd, I got married just before I joined you to the prettiest girl in Limerick. I had a fight with the inspector of police over this charming girl. I won her."

He asked me for the loan of £1 as his wife was ill. I lent him the pound. Two weeks afterwards he came asking me to lend him £2, as his wife was confined of a fine boy. He said: "I will work well for years."

I lent him the money. He worked well and late. One morning he came late to work. He appeared in great distress, wiping his eyes.

I said: "Wingey, what's the matter?"

He said: "Mr. Lloyd, I can't work to-day, my dear little boy died this morning." He said: "Indeed, Mr. Lloyd, you are a gentleman, I always liked you as such. I don't like to ask you, will you end me £3 to pay the doctor?"

Well, under those circumstances I could not refuse. I gave him the £3. He gave me an Irishman's blessing. He said: "Now the three pounds will pay the doctor and bury my darling creature." Wingey went away joyful.

My Circus Life

He did not come to work for two weeks. He came on the third Monday, telling me that neither he nor his wife had had two meals a day for two weeks, and would I lend him 5s., and he would work it out for years. I was afraid of asking him how the funeral passed off for fear he would ask for another loan. He came to work the next day. He seemed in better spirits, and he was doing his work well. At last I said to Wingey :

“Did all things go satisfactory with you ?”

“Now, Mr. Lloyd, now you are after asking me, I will tell you the truth all about it. The boy did not die at all, and is not dead, and to spake plain I never was married at all, at all.”

I stood looking at him and said : “Go on with your work.” I thought he was a good actor.

I was behind in the work, and I only had four weeks to get all ready for Easter. I got the blacksmith and the carpenter to work late. The carpenter had but one eye. He had an artificial eye, but he could not work with it in its place. When working, he put the artificial eye in a glass of water close by him. The smith was working hard, which made him thirsty. He went to the carpenter's bench and drank the glass of water and swallowed the eye. The smith began to be uneasy, the carpenter began to shout. There was a row—nearly a fight. This delayed my work. The smith left. It did not affect the carpenter much. *I knew not what effect it had on the smith.*

I got the show ready. I arranged to cross from Bristol to Waterford, Ireland. I opened in that town. Business good. We were only five days

My Circus Life

travelling. One of my artists fired a revolver at me. Fortunately I had a coat that I bought in France ; the padding on my shoulder saved me. The police came. We went before the magistrate. I made it appear that it was my fault. I got him off, because I was short of performers. I met this man at the hotel at night, and I treated him. I was not hurt. We went on well after.

We called at Cork on our way to Bandon. There I bought a giant donkey, sixteen and half hands high, off Lord Bandon. I trained him to perform. He gave me a lot of trouble. We were about to start on the road from Clonakilty ; this donkey laid down and would not get up. Twenty men lifted him up, but he would not stand. This delayed the show two hours. I got indifferent about him. I gave orders to drive on. We left him lying. We had got five miles on the road, and all the carriages were going slow up a hill. To my surprise I saw this donkey trotting up the hill like a two year old. On arriving in town on the field this donkey stood as if he were fixed to the ground. We tried all ways to make him move. I made up a mixture, and three men rubbed him all over for thirty minutes. The lotion began to have effect. He began to gallop his hardest. He got in a lather. We tried to stop him. No use. It's strange, but true, directly he heard his music he stopped and went into the big tent and took his place beside the other donkeys and ponies ready for the Donkeys' Garden Party.

A strange circumstance occurred in the town of Loughrea, Co. Galway. I went to a house or

My Circus Life

lodgings. A girl answered the knock. I asked if they had any lodgings. The girl shouted :

“Mether, here’s a gentleman of the show box wants lodgements.”

The mother came to the door. She said she had a bed to let, but the gentleman was not up, and if I would call in half an hour, she would show me the bed. In half an hour I called. It was all right.

I got to bed that night, and slept well. In the morning as I was dressing some coppers fell out of my pocket. Some rolled under the bed. I looked under the bed. To my surprise I saw a corpse not in a coffin. This was the gentleman that was not up when I called. She charged me 3s. I said :

“I engaged the room for one person, not two.”

I told her what I saw. She said :

“Shure, there’s not a bit of harm in him. He’s a dacent gentleman.”

Just then her boy was fighting another boy. The mother shouted to her boy :

“Come into hell out of that.”

A most strange expression.

CHAPTER IX

I CALLED at Miltown Malbay, Co. Clare. The people in that part dislike the colour of orange. It's the northern colour. We had a parade round the town with a band in a carriage, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and men dressed to represent different nations on a tableau carriage. One man had a pair of orange-coloured trousers on. The crowd shouted, "Take them off!" The mob stoned the wearer, and threw mud at him. My man took the trousers off.

When we got to the field three of my carriages were on fire. My people had to run for their lives. I hid myself. I saw a number of police coming. That gave me more confidence. As the roughs were destroying my tent, I got my grooms on horseback, and I mounted on my fire horse. He was a savage animal. I had to keep a muzzle on him, for he would bite. We charged the mob. I saw one man cutting an oil painting on a carriage. I galloped up to the man. My horse caught him by the shoulder and shook him like a dog would a rat. He shouted, "Murder! Let me go!" When the crowd saw this they cleared out of the field. A number of roughs followed the circus to the next town. I got police protection and all went well.

The next town was Ennis, Co. Clare. There was a big trial on at the Court House about an eviction—

My Circus Life

women throwing boiling water over policemen. I had engaged a field next to the Court House. I paid £3 for one day's stand. The trial was going on. In the middle of my performance the head of the police came in my circus, and said I must stop the performance. I said, "I am on my own ground." He went away. I told my band not to play so loud. A few minutes afterwards ten policemen rushed in the circus with drawn batons, and made a rush to the band, and broke the head of the big drum. When the musicians saw this they scrambled out of the band carriage to escape. They all got clear but the bass player. He was the leader of the band. He was a very stout man and he tried hard to escape. As he was getting out of the band carriage he stepped on the end of a plank. It tipped up and he fell on top of a policeman, who took hold of him and shouted, "I have him." It was laughable. The bass player said :

"Please, Mr. Policeman, don't lock me up. I have eight children in Yorkshire and a big wife. Let me off this once. I'll promise I'll never do it again."

It was like a pantomime. I could not have arranged a more comic sketch. Things became more quiet. The police seemed satisfied at the noble deed they had done, and formed into line and marched away. One policeman was wounded—he sprained his ankle and had a cut on his nose. He went into the rank limping, to the delight of the bass player. The only head that was broken was the drum head.

The poor bass player was doubled up after the

My Circus Life

police had left. There were about 400 people in the circus while all this skirmish was going on. I believe they thought it was part of my programme. They enjoyed it. I continued the programme. I told the band to play soft. The fat man was the leader. He said, "Not me." The band would not play. I had a clown that could play a tin whistle. My band of one played to the end of the programme.

The fat man sent me a note saying, "*Mr. Lloyd, accept your notice for a week.* I will not stop for you to ill-treat me as you have done." I valued the fat man's services. I said to him:

"You ought not to take notice of little affairs. It shall not happen again. You shall not go to Ennis any more."

So he agreed to stop on.

That season I had a number of freaks of nature. One man had a beard nine feet long. Among them was an elastic skin man. He could pull the skin of his chest and cover his face. He could pull his face in all kinds of shapes; he could deceive any one. One pay day I paid him twice—he twisted his face so as he imitated some one else. I had a horse with a coat of wool like a sheep. I also had a hairless horse—the flesh was like india-rubber—and the smallest bull in the world, nineteen inches high, full grown.

A peculiar way I bought this bull. At Strabane a man came to me and asked if I would buy a bull. I said that a bull was not in my line. He enticed me to go and see it. He said it was not twelve inches high. He took me to the field. I stood on a bank. The grass was not very high. The man said that

My Circus Life

he was in this field. I thought if he is in this field I'll buy him.

I said : " What are you asking ? "

" Three pounds," he says.

Says I, " I have not seen the bull. I will give you one pound."

I bought him, and he was a great attraction. In the winter I let him out for showing for £3 a week. I considered that bull was worth £100 for show business.

Two days before the season closed we called at a small town named Kilmacow, four miles from Waterford. The tent stood by a river. It rained from ten o'clock in the morning till eight at night. During the performance the water got in the ring. The time the performance was over the water was two feet high. It was a cold night, the end of October. Now I had a task to get all the seating and canvas packed up for the start the next morning at five. I knew I would have trouble with these Irishmen. Before I began to pack up, I took all my tent men to a pub, to have a warm drink to get them in the humour. Those men would go through any trial for whisky.

I said : " Now, my lads, we will have a good time."

I bought three bottles of whisky. We returned to the tent. The men began to pack up cheerfully, but before doing so I gave each man a glass of whisky. They were knee deep in water. I was among them. Whenever I saw a man flagging, I gave him a glass of whisky. I never saw Irishmen work so well. One man came to me complaining



Full-grown bull, 19 inches high.

My Circus Life

of a pain in his chest. I only gave him half a glass of "the crathur." He said the cold water was the cause. Of course I was sorry for him. He said that the pain came and went. I felt sorry. The pain lasted as long as whisky was in the bottle. Whisky did the *trick*. All got packed up and we started at five next morning for Waterford.

The year 1911 I called at Limerick. It was the first time there. I had a clown called Johnny Patterson. He was a great favourite in Ireland. At the night's performance the tent was crowded. A number of roughs got in for nothing, the tent was so full. The people that had paid were dissatisfied and blamed me for letting so many people in. The performance went on. We did our best. People went looking for me to get their money back. I disguised myself. I had no hat on. I saw a young man with an old-fashioned Irish coat and hat. I offered him 2s. 6d. if he would change his hat and coat for half an hour. I said he could come with me. He agreed. The roughs were looking for me. I was rushing around. During this time men were breaking the seats, lamps and tent. None of my men dared to be seen. I thought my tent would be set on fire. By my bustling around I prevented it on one occasion. I began to give it up for lost. Just then fifty police arrived and the mayor of the town, who read the Riot Act. After that things got normal. At 2 a.m. the field was clear.

My men began to pack up. The young man came for his coat and hat and the 2s. 6d. I gave him his coat and hat. I gave my foot instead of the 2s. 6d. I thought I would have revenge on some

My Circus Life

one. It was poor satisfaction. After all little damage was done. Joyful once more. Another little trouble over.

The season of 1912 we were travelling from Sligo to Manorhamilton, seventeen Irish miles, a hilly and a very narrow road. The show started at four in the morning. I was driving the canvas carriage. All the other carriages passed me, and as I was going up a hill and in a narrow part of the road, a wheel of my carriage came off. I had no one with me, and was eight miles from town and no houses near. I stood thinking what to do. If I did not get in town soon, I should have no performance—that would be a day lost. Up comes a carriage and two horses. The coachman shouted :

“Get out of the way !”

A gentleman put his head out of the window of his carriage and said : “Now Mr. Showman, get out of my way. You have no right to obstruct the road like this. If you don’t get out of my way and quick, you shall dearly pay for it. I am on important business.”

I went to the carriage. There were two gentlemen and two ladies inside. I said : “I beg your pardon, I have met with an accident. A wheel has come off, and I cannot put it on myself,” I said : “If you would be good enough to let your two men assist me to put the wheel on, and then you could pass.”

They could see there was no other way for it. The footman and driver came to help me, but no use. The two gentlemen took their coats off, and the two ladies stood in front of the horses’ heads. They

My Circus Life

seemed to enjoy it. I got the wheel on. They had a good laugh over it. I thanked them.

The coachman whispered to me, and said: "You ought to feel highly honoured. The tall gentleman is the Secretary of Ireland with his wife."

I thanked them again. They said: "It's all right, old boy." They went off laughing.

I did not get into town till too late to put the show up—a day lost.

We travelled up north. We called at Cookstown. The clown, Patterson, got drunk. He was a Roman Catholic and a strong Nationalist. This part of the country the people are Orangemen. The two parties don't agree. Patterson could say what he liked in the south. He forgot where he was. There was something that displeased him. He began to run me down and told the audience that I was a Protestant, and I ought not to be in Ireland. The tent was crowded. Those of the clown's faith got up from their seats and were half-way in the ring. I asked Patterson the cause of all this. It was because I spoke to him for being drunk. I told the audience I engaged John Patterson from America, at a salary of £10 a week and the selling of his song books must bring him in £8, so that he was not doing bad by me. A number of the people of Johnny's faith came around me. I stood firm with folded arms. A loud voice came from the other side of the tent: "*Stand your ground, Lloyd!*" And they cheered me. I knew what they meant. They were the Protestants; they were on my side. I told the audience that they had not paid their money for this unseemly conduct. "I wanted to

My Circus Life

amuse you and give you value for your money.” As I stood, I said, “You may limb me if you will.” I also said, “Surely there are some people here that have commonsense.”

The people began to take their seats. The performance proceeded. I left the ring. After Patterson had sung a song he left the ring. The performance continued. When Patterson got in the dressing tent, I said in a low voice, “Johnny, I never thought you would treat me as you have done after being such friends.” I asked him if he would do me a favour. By this time he had got his *paddy* down.

“Shure, Mr. Lloyd, I will do anything for you.”

I said, “Go into the ring and tell the audience all the trouble was a mistake on your part.”

He went and apologised for being the cause of a little bother. As he left the ring some of his party hissed him. The performance finished. I got well out of that trouble. A circus must leave a clean name behind them. I had no further trouble in that town.

The same week we visited Newry. It was at the time when Mr. Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill was to pass for Ireland. It was to be decided that night, for or against. In that town there is a large population of Catholics and Protestants. Each side was preparing for the event. There were tar barrels at every house front. Those that belonged to the Roman Catholics were painted green. Those of the Protestants were painted orange. It was lucky for the people in that part that the Bill did not pass. I was going down the street. As I passed I heard

My Circus Life

one man say : " There is a circus in town. If the Home Rule Bill passes we will make a bonfire of the circus." As the show was leaving the next morning and passing the Catholic part we were stoned.

Another trouble over.

I got so callous and indifferent to all that happened—accidents with the carriages and horses through drunken men. It's strange how soon I forgot the past. I got so that I smiled at calamity. To be a circus proprietor you ought to know how to splice ropes, sew canvas, to box a wheel, shoe a horse, make your seating and be a letterer, and not afraid of work, and an early riser ; and be a performer, know the country and the best seasons for each part ; and be Jack of all Trades.

The season 1907 I was travelling from Portrush to Bushmills, near the Giant's Causeway. There an electric tram runs, not on the overhead system, but on a live rail close to the hedge, three feet from the ground. When the rail comes to a gateway it runs under the ground. It is very dangerous.

I engaged a field one mile from Bushmills. All the show got into the field safe. The grooms took their horses to water—they ride one and lead two. One groom took three horses. Out of the field he stepped on the live rail. No sooner had he put his hands on the horse to get on its back, the horse was electrified and fell down with its neck on the rail. Six men attempted to put the horse off the live rail. It was funny. All the men were electrified. I got a pole and levered the horse off the rail. Its neck was burnt, and the animal was dead. I put in a claim, but got little compensation.

My Circus Life

From Bushmills we travelled to Coleraine. These towns are in the north of Ireland. In that part the people are very loyal to our King. That season I had engaged a German band. The public expected the band at the end of all amusements to play the National Anthem. The people in the south of Ireland will not tolerate "God Save the King." My band played "Yanky Doodle" for the finish of the performance. I had forgotten to tell my German band what to play. So when the last item of the programme was finished all the band got out of the bandstand and walked away. The audience called for "The King, the King." They kept their seats shouting, "The King, the King." I was in my carriage, and heard the shouting. I got in the tent just in time. The band had gone home. I well knew the cause of the shindy. I went into the ring and said :

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I apologise for my band not playing 'The King.' It's my fault."

I told the people how it happened. It was not done out of any disrespect to royalty, nor to the public. "You know I visit your town every year. I hope you will overlook this mistake and pardon me."

I sent for my cornet and told the people I would play the National Anthem, and hoped the audience would sing. I played ; the audience sang. Every one stood up and every head was bare. When I had finished playing the people sang as they were leaving the tent, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." I was at a loss to know if they meant me or the King. I was satisfied. I saved my tent from being destroyed.

Another little trouble over.

CHAPTER X

ONE year I bought a steam fire-engine for my second agent in advance. It was fully equipped for a fire. The driver and stoker in full uniform, drawn by three horses, as an attraction. Going late into a fresh town the steam would be up and the whistle blowing, and the horses going at a good speed. When in the centre of the town two hundred handbills would be blown from the funnel.

I called at a town named Castletownroche, seven miles from Mullingar. After the first performance I saw an old barn owned by the owner of the field my circus was occupying. For advertisement I bought this barn. It was of no use. I bought it cheap. There were no houses near. I set this barn on fire. I got my engine to the fire. The barn was well ablaze. Lloyd's engine was to the rescue. We soon put it out. It was in all the papers that Lloyd's Circus fire-engine extinguished a fire at Castletownroche which saved other buildings.

During my engagement with Mr. C. Hengler in London, Argyll Street, Oxford Street, Mr. Hengler engaged an American champion bareback rider. He was paid £50 a week. I was getting a fifth of that sum. The following is a copy of the opinions of all the London papers :

“ Charles Fish, an American champion bareback rider, made his first appearance at Hengler's Circus,

My Circus Life

who met with a good reception. We may predict for him a large amount of popularity. His somersaults were wonderful. But the best rider of the company is Mr. J. Lloyd. His feats on a bareback horse at lightning speed, his grace and leaping hurdles on one leg. . . . We have said enough to indicate his skill."

This was in the year 1876. Six months after we were opposition riders with Rentz's Grand Circus in Berlin.

* * * *

In the year of 1909 I was travelling from Castlereagh to Boyle, Co. Roscommon, sixteen miles. In that part of Ireland there are a lot of tinkers and gypsies. A very low lot. They travel by donkey carts and sleep in bits of tents. This morning I was in my carriage with my daughter and a young man. On the road in front of me I saw a great commotion among the tinkers. They were fighting each other. One man kicked a woman ; she fell. One woman with a child in her arms went up to save her husband from being kicked as he was lying on the ground. As she was helping her husband the baby fell from her arms on the hard ground. As the man was kicking her husband he kicked the baby. I could not rest idle and see such brutality. My young man and myself ran to assist the baby. Sympathetic actions seldom get their reward. The mother of the baby turned on us. As my carriage was coming up the hill we got in just in time to avoid a big stone. I fired a revolver in the air. It had no effect. The crowd came running towards my carriage. It was a good job for us the men were drunk, and as they

My Circus Life

ran they fell over each other. I drove the horses at full gallop. The men tried to climb on my carriage ; they fell. They threw large stones ; one struck my daughter on the face. It bled very much. I got from my carriage and used an ashplant freely. One big man was making for my carriage. I put my stick between his legs and down he fell. I got in my carriage again and got past the lot.

I thought that I had got out of that *melée*. I had got two miles from that crowd when a big man jumped out of the hedge and caught hold of the bridles of the horses. He had a stick. I must thank the little knowledge I gained when in France—I learnt the French ways of fighting singlestick—and before he could bring his stick down I struck him twice and wrenched his stick out of his hand. I struck him on the neck. He began to blink his eyes. I took the opportunity and jumped into my carriage and galloped on.

My daughter was the only one wounded. My carriage showed signs of being in a battle. I considered that I had got off light. At one time my position looked very ugly. When I got into Boyle I informed the police, who went in search and captured five men. The others had run over the hills.

Another little trouble over.

That year I engaged a lady and gentleman tank performers. They were a great novelty. Their performance consisted of diving in a glass tank of water, ten feet long and eight feet wide and four feet of water. They would play cards, drink milk, turn somersaults, and remain under water five minutes.

My Circus Life

I advertised them "The Living Mermaids." One Saturday they could not get lodgings—both were champion boozers. So after the night's performance they placed rugs round the glass tank with a little straw. They slept in the glass tank, which was secured to a lorry. Of course, the tank was emptied after the performance.

On the Sunday we travelled a long journey. They had a bottle of whisky. It was a cold day. We stopped halfway to rest the horses, to give them a meal and water. By the time we got into the village the rugs fell to the bottom of the tank, and there you could see the two beauties asleep, embracing each other in their performing clothes. The sight caused a crowd round the carriage. Some were afraid of going too near. Some of the crowd said they were monkeys; others said they were bears. As they were fast asleep, an Irishman said they were dead animals. A little boy went close to the tank; a woman pulled him away, saying, "Come out of that, ye devil. Do ye want to be eaten alive?" As one man went close, just then the mermaid moved; the poor fellow jumped three yards back, and said, "What kind of baste is it at all?"

They both began to wake and stretch themselves. When they were wide awake they saw their position. Now they wanted to get out of the tank. A ladder was secured. They got out, and made their way to the first public-house.

An Irishman said to me: "I have studied natural history. Bedad, I never saw nor read of such animals, for mermaids have tails."

My Circus Life

I said : " Yes, but these misbehaved themselves, so I cut their tails off."

The man said : " You did right, sor."

This was a big advertisement for me. When the horses had a little rest we started for another ten miles.

See what stratagem and forethought did. The same season I called at a town called Fethard, Co. Tipperary. The show got in the town early, and we got the tent up and all ready by nine o'clock. A messenger came to me from the parish priest, saying that he would like to see me. I went and saw him.

He said : " Indeed, Mr. Lloyd, I am very sorry, for you will do no business to-day for the Bishop of Cashel arrives to-day from Rome, bringing the Pope's blessing to the people of Ireland. I hope you will not have any procession ; I am afraid it would interfere with our arrangements."

Now I grasped at the situation. Before he could say another word I said : " I am sorry. I have forty horses, nine ponies and fifty people and a band. Whatever you suggest it shall be done. I place myself in your hands."

I knew the Irish well. The priest was surprised. I asked what time the Bishop would arrive. The priest said 3.30 p.m. I also said :

" With your permission my band shall meet the Bishop at the station."

The priest was pleased at that. Just the thing he wanted to complete the reception. I struck the right note.

The priest said : " Let your band be on the

My Circus Life

platform at three-fifteen." He asked what tunes would they play. I said, "Leave that to me."

My band that year wore red coats and white hats, and were eight in number. The town was crammed with people. The band marched and played to the station. When there they played selections. I could play the cornet, and I acted as leader. The train arrived. My band played "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne" and "St. Patrick's Day." The Bishop put his head out of the carriage window. He was surprised. He got into his carriage and drove twice round the town—the band was marching in front playing its loudest and best. We stopped at the parish priest's house. The Bishop got on the balcony and addressed the people, delivering the Pope's message.

After the Bishop gave his blessing he asked: "Where did you get that band from?"

He thought the English soldiers were there to arrest him. He was told it was the circus band. He publicly thanked me.

Before my band left they played a selection. The Bishop told the people not to get drunk, but to go to the circus and enjoy themselves. My circus was crammed. This was in all the Irish papers next day.

The next year I had great opposition with Powell and Clark's Great Circus, and, strange to say, it happened at Fethard, the same town where I escorted the Bishop of Cashel with my band. There was a big battle for supremacy. My show started early from New Ross, eighteen miles. We got in the town early. I had my circus all ready. My

My Circus Life

people were at their lodgings. To my surprise Powell and Clark's Circus came into the town and erected their tent in another part of the town. At one o'clock they made a great display round the town with 120 horses, fifteen carriages and twenty ponies, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, etc. They passed my tent twice, as much as to say, "Beat that if you are able."

When they had finished parading, it was my turn. I only sent my band carriage with eight horses in, and another carriage with four horses. My outside show was indifferent to Powell and Clark's Circus. I kept my courage high. I had my warpaint on. Both shows opened at two o'clock. I was satisfied with the midday receipts.

One of my men went into the other circus, and told me they only had 150 children at 2d. each. I depended on the night's takings. The town was full of people.

Now Powell and Clark paraded the town again. I did not. My show stood on a large fair green, about seven acres. I got twelve sandwich boards carried round the town with bills on announcing: "*There will be a free sight on the Fair Green at six o'clock. There will be horse racing, steeple chasing, chariot racing, Roman racing and sack racing. All to be seen free, Free, FREE on the Fair Green.*"

At six o'clock the crowds were making their way to the fair green. I have no need to say there was a great gathering. The races gave satisfaction. I carried out all I announced. The green was full of people. Just before the sack race I got on top of one carriage. I said:

My Circus Life

“Ladies and gentlemen, this sack race will finish the sports. Those who intend going to Lloyd’s Circus, get your tickets at the carriage.”

The people made a rush for tickets. My tent was not large enough to hold the people. The other circus must have had but few people, because their people came into my circus soon after my performance had begun. That was the last battle I had with Powell and Clark.

This was foresight from the year before.

CHAPTER XI

FROM Fethard I travelled up to the north of Ireland. When I got to Larne I was surprised to see Ginnett's bills posted and announced to perform the same day as my circus. Little did I think my old master, to whom I was apprenticed, would oppose me and give me opposition. He was envious of my success. Evidently he had no kind feelings towards me.

I tucked up my sleeves and stood my ground. I picked up the gauntlet. I fought the *battle of hate*, and *I won*. The circuses stayed each end of the town. Ginnett's Circus was as large as Powell and Clark's. Ginnett made a big outside show. I drove one carriage with two horses in. My carriage had large letters on it: "Lloyd's Circus." I followed Ginnett's show round the town. The public thought this show was all mine. I drove on to my ground, and the crowd followed. I did good business all day. Ginnett did bad. Mr. Ginnett did not come to speak to me. He was my master once. Then he found out I was his master then. After all this opposition they threw up the sponge.

* * *

In travelling I make three sections of fifteen carriages. The tent master goes on first section of five carriages an hour before the rest. These carriages contain the stakes, ropes, poles, and canvas ;

My Circus Life

second section, the stud groom ; the third section, myself. The first and second sections went the wrong road. My section got in the town first. I waited an hour, thinking they would come every minute. I jumped on horseback and rode five miles back. There I saw the tent master and stud groom and their men lying on the grass fast asleep, and the horses and carriages half in the ditch. A most pleasing sight ! I rode to a small village two miles away, and hired men to drive the carriages into the town. We drove on and left the men fast asleep. I got into town and got the show all ready, and when the men were hungry they came on. I kept them hungry. I paid them what was due to them. They walked the journeys for a week, then they begged to be taken on. I did so—at less wages.

A happy life is a circus proprietor's in Ireland !

With all the troubles and disappointments a lot of strange and funny things happen which help one to forget the past troubles.

* * *

While with Cottrellie's Circus, at Rheims in France, I got acquainted with Sir Charles Lowther. I believe he was Chairman in the House of Commons. I was in a *café* one night and a gentleman came up to me and asked if I was the one that rode that fast horse. I said, "Yes." We got quite friendly. We played cards, billiards and chess. We got good pals. I was invited to his hotel. I had a fine time. He used to come to my house and have supper. I bought a horse. It was a Barb, close bred to an Arab. Sir Charles told me he had a racehorse. For fun I offered my horse to race his for 100 francs.

My Circus Life

He agreed. On the day the race was to come off we both backed out. I was in that town three months. We got quite confidential friends. He told me his history, and I told him mine. We got such good friends ; we were together all day. We had a good parting.

Five years after I was with Mr. Hengler's Circus, London. It was a grand patronage night of the Royal Family. I rode that night. After I came out of the ring Mr. Hengler brought a gentleman round to the dressing-room. I was surprised ! He said, "How are you, Jim ?" "I'm pleased to see you, Sir Charles," I said. He said, "Call me, as of old, Charley."

He invited me up to his town residence. I went next morning. I had a fine time. Unfortunately as I was riding that night I fell from my horse and put my shoulder out of joint. I got on my horse again and finished my performance. No one was any the wiser. It was put in. I felt none the worse. I rode another act that night.

Great unnecessary trouble the Humane Society gave me in the north of Ireland. I agree with that society, but they give trouble where there is no need. The men they appoint know very little about a horse. They have stopped my circus on the road and delayed me three hours. When they cannot find fault with the horses, they say the loads are too heavy for three horses. *They are so kind !* After finding fault they say you may pass on.

I have played many tricks on them. The next season I went the same route. I had a very spiteful horse for biting. I seldom put this horse in harness.

My Circus Life

I put him in harness on this day. He was a clever horse. He would seize anybody—I had to keep a muzzle on him. This morning I put this horse in harness, and in the first load. I was met by these men. They shouted, “Stop, stop!” I did. I took the muzzle off this horse this morning. The man went to inspect this horse. He seized the inspector by the arm and shook him like a dog would a rat. I walked away pretending I did not hear him shouting for help. I was the last to go and assist. A policeman hit the horse on the head with a stick, which maddened the horse. At last I went and got the inspector released; as the inspector got released the horse struck him with his front foot. They carried the inspector to a cottage close by. We drove on. They tried to make a case of it, but they lost money over it.

I played another trick on another inspector going from Lisburn to Lurgan, thirteen miles. I had two beautiful cream horses very much like each other. Going this journey I got some rose-pink mixed with water, and dabbed it on one of the creams. It had the appearance of blood. The inspector met the show and shouted, “Stop!” He said, “Take that horse out of the harness. Look at the blood on that horse. You ought to be imprisoned for this cruelty.”

I took this horse out of the harness and put another in its place. The show went on and got into town. The inspector gave me in charge. It so happened it was a court day. I had to appear at the court at twelve o'clock. I got there. The inspector gave his version, and said it was the very

My Circus Life

worst case he had ever seen. I was called up. I said :

“ Perhaps your worship would like to see the horse.”

One of my men was in the court. I told my man to fetch both creams. The horses were brought. My man had not washed the rose-pink off. On first sight of the horses his worship was a little startled on examining the horse.

We returned to court, and his worship said :

“ I can't find any fault with these beautiful horses.”

His worship asked me : “ What was that red preparation on the horse ? ”

I said : “ These cream horses have very tender skins. That colouring was to harden the skin to prevent sore shoulders.”

The case was dismissed with costs. The inspector offered to buy the recipe ; he gave me £1 for it.

The next season we took the same route. The inspector allowed my show to pass and no examination.

The year 1898 I was travelling from Carlow to Baltinglass, thirteen miles. Going down a steep hill the driver neglected to put the skid on the wheel. The carriage overpowered the horses. One horse fell and got wedged under the low axle. He was dragged twenty-five yards. I got some men and we released the horse. When he stood up no one would have given £3 for him. The skin was torn from the flesh ; the flesh was not injured. I sewed the skin together. After I had done so you would not have thought anything had happened. I put

My Circus Life

the horse in the harness. We had to go five miles. We trotted along ; no lameness nor stiffness.

Experience is a mighty education.

Each year I was in Ireland I published a book of managing and doctoring horses and cattle, and other useful information. I sold the book, and the sale was very large and gave satisfaction.

I was the first to introduce the Railway Circus in England. I was the first to introduce in Ireland the cinema, the phonograph, and produced all the new items up to date, and engaged the best of English artistes, and paid their worth.

I had a family of nine—five boys and four girls. The boys followed my business, but not the girls. The youngest boy was accidentally killed when he was only fourteen years of age. When he was twelve years of age I made an arrangement with a circus proprietor at Blackburn for a three months' engagement for him to do two acts. He took two ponies. He did the jockey on one and the fox-hunter on the two ponies. He did it all on his own.

When that season had finished I took a trip to Scotland and bought a portable theatre. I opened at Waterford, Ireland, then to Limerick and Tipperary. It helped to pay the winter expenses and kept me employed.

Shakespeare says, "Man plays many parts." I was bareback rider, clown, acrobat, gymnast, a provision merchant, and hotel proprietor in Llandudno, Stanley Hotel, Mostyn Street—the worst mistake I ever made. I was making money, but the circus fever came on me and I started the circus once more in Waterford, Ireland.

My Circus Life

It was acknowledged that at one time the Lloyd family were the leaders of talent in the circus world.

I practised riding at the old Vauxhall Gardens in 1851, when the gardens were in their glory. I left and went to Bristol, Newport and other towns. Vauxhall at one time was the glory of London. Addison, Sir Roger de Coverley and Hogarth were frequent visitors. Ducrow with his fine stud of horses. The gardens were formed in 1661, and originally called the New Spring Gardens. It was a great resort. In 1665 King Charles used to patronise it with his ladies. The proprietor gave Hogarth a gold ticket for perpetuity. Vauxhall was sold in the year 1839. The last performance took place in July 1859.

Sadler Wells Theatre, named after Mr. Sadler, who built an orchestra to entertain the invalids who used the water medicinally. The present theatre was opened 1765, and is the oldest theatre in London.

Astley's Amphitheatre. Philip Astley was born in 1742, and formed his first ring in a field between Westminster and Blackfriars Road. He built a circus near Westminster Bridge, 1780. It was destroyed by fire 1795, rebuilt 1796, and in 1803 again burnt, together with fifty horses. Mrs. Astley perished in the flames. In 1805 it was reopened. In 1810 Mr. Ducrow took the theatre. In 1841 it was again burnt down. My brother was burnt in the fire and was a cripple for life. In 1843 it was rebuilt, and opened by a Mr. Batty in 1855. In 1860 Mr. W. Cook leased the theatre. In 1862 a

My Circus Life

man was killed by a lion. Afterwards Lord George Sanger took the theatre.

Blondin. Blondin's memorable caution to the nervous man whom he was carrying on his back across the Niagara Falls was as follows :

"Sir, I must request you to sit still, or I will have to put you down."

The idea of being lifted from the performer's shoulders on to the rope to shift for himself kept the terrified rider in obedience. They reached the desired goal in safety.

CHAPTER XII

SOME INTERESTING ACCOUNTS COPIED FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S SCRAP BOOK

IN 1174 monks produced plays from holy subjects and events in Scripture.

In 1570 Blackfriars Theatre, afterwards the Royal Blackfriars Theatre, in Play House Yard. It was pulled down in 1665. It was the first licensed theatre. "Richard the Second" was performed here. The select portion of the audience sat on the stage.

1580, the Whitefriars, Salisbury Street.

In 1610, the "Curtain," Shoreditch, Holywell Lane, near the Curtain Road, so called from a striped curtain hung outside—the first regular theatre.

In 1616 the "Cockpit" or "Phoenix," Clerkenwell, near the north end of St. John Street, the house where Shakespeare held horses for gentlemen to hire. Hart, the actor, who was Nell Gwynne's first lover, played here.

In 1671 the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens, was erected in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. This theatre was designed by Wren. In 1697 the theatre was let to wrestlers.

Fortune Theatre was built in 1595 on the east side of Golden Lane by Cripplegate. It cost £1,320.

My Circus Life

It was opened May 1601. It was burnt down December 1620, and rebuilt 1624.

Ben Jonson was born 1574 and died 1638. The Globe Theatre was built at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, 1563. This theatre was destroyed 1613. It had a thatched roof and caught fire by a discharge of a pistol—"Henry the VIII." was being acted.

King James in 1603 first granted patent to Shakespeare to play plays. In 1647 an Act of Parliament was passed that all stages, galleries and seat boxes should be pulled down, and all actors being convicted should be publicly whipped and all spectators fined 5s. The price of admission in those days : boxes, 1s. ; lower seats, 2d. and 1d.

Mr. Chatterton commenced the sole management of Drury Lane Theatre, 1866. It derives its origin from a cockpit which was converted into a theatre.

Covent Garden Theatre was opened 1732 by Mr. Rich. The theatre was burnt down in 1856, and reopened by a Mr. Guy, May 1858.

Haymarket Theatre appears to have been first built 1702.

Elliston's *début*, 1796.

Charles Matthews, the elder, in 1803.

Mr. Webster's management began 1837 and ceased 1864.

Adelphi Theatre. It was under the management many years of Benjamin Webster. He commenced 1874. A gentleman in his company was a Mr. Anson. In his day he was a very popular actor. He joined Mr. Cook's dramatic company. When

My Circus Life

he opened Astley's he distinguished himself in the part of Our Correspondent in "The Battle of Alma" and other parts—*Falstaff*, *Rob Roy*, *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, etc. Mr. W. Cook founded in 1855 the Dramatic, Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund.

Vaudeville Theatre. Erected in the year 1870 by a Mr. C. J. Phillips. The first piece played was "Love of Money."

Princess Theatre. Built by a Mr. Hamlet, 1849. It was sold, 1853, for £16,400. Under Charles Kean's management, 1859.

St. James's Theatre. Built 1835 for a Mr. Braham.

Lyceum Theatre. Built 1794. The first season was celebrated by the new opera.

Strand Theatre. Built by Lionel B. Rayner, a comedian. Under the management of the Swanbough family.

Women first appeared on the stage, 1660.

Olympic Theatre. In 1805, the Royal Circus having been destroyed by fire, Philip Astley leased the site of "Olympic" from Craven. The yearly rent was £100 with the stipulation that £2,500 should be expended in erection of a theatre. He bought the timber of an old man-of-war captured from the French, and with this he built the framework of the theatre.

Surrey Theatre. Was originally built for the displays of equestrians in opposition to old Astley's. It was opened under the title of "Royal Circus." It was shortly after closed, having no licence. In 1783 the circus was again opened. Grimaldi, a Portuguese, the grandfather of the clown, played there. It was burnt down in 1805.

My Circus Life

In ancient times the cost of playing a tragedy :

	£	s.	d.
Musicians, three nights	0	5	6
Bread and ale for the players	0	3	1
Decorations and dresses	1	0	0
Rent	0	1	0
Author	0	2	6
Furniture on hire	0	1	4
Fish and bread	0	0	4
Four chickens	0	1	4
Painting three plantations	0	0	6
	<hr/>		
	£1	15	7
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Age of the great actors of old :

Charles Macklin, born 1690, two months before the Battle of the Boyne. Died 1797.

David Garrick, born 1716. His last bow to the public, 1776.

Edmund Kean. Last appearance on May 25th, 1838.

A Floating Theatre, called "The Folly." A large floating house of entertainment moored in the centre of the River Thames, opposite old Somerset House, in the reign of Charles I.; thither also Queen Mary, the consort of William III. It contained a music hall, with dancing, boxes for drinking and smoking, an orchestra, etc. It was a midnight resort for pleasure seekers.

Bartholomew Fair, first established in the reign of Henry II., who granted a charter. The time of the fair was limited to three days in 1708. This fair was proclaimed for the last time in 1835.

My Circus Life

There was Richardson's Show. Here, in the course of half an hour, a melodrama, ghost, a terrific combat, several murders, a comic song, hornpipe and a pantomime were all got through to an admiring crowded house. After the proprietor's death Messrs. Johnson and Nelson Lee became the proprietors. It was destroyed by fire 1845.

A Mr. Paulton's Exhibition in 1875. What they said from the stage: "Valk up, valk, Ladies and Gemmens, here's the most vonderful bird, fish and vild beast and beastesses ever vos in the world from Vest Indies. Alive! alive! alive!"

Mr. J. Conquest's Show and what they said from the stage: "Show 'em up, show 'em up, Ladies and Gemmens, for to see this extraordinary man that was never seen before and won't be seen again, and never will be seen at all if you do not see him now."

How the love of the stage came upon Mrs. Montford, the celebrated actress, after her retirement. Love and ingratitude of a bosom friend deprived her of her senses. She was placed in a home for lunatics. One day she asked the attendant what play was to be performed that evening. She was told that it was "Hamlet." In this tragedy she was always received with rapture as Ophelia. She eluded the care of her keeper and got to the theatre, where she concealed herself until the scene in which Ophelia enters in her insane state. She then pushed on the stage before the lady who had performed the part could get on the stage. She exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertion of mimic art could effect. She was in

My Circus Life

truth Ophelia herself. To the astonishment of the management, the performers and the audience, Nature having made this effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off the stage she exclaimed, "It is all over." She was conveyed back to her late place of security. A few days after she died. Her last words were, "I am satisfied now."

A Singular Epitaph. "Sacred to the Memory of Thomas Jackson, Comedian, who was engaged December 1741, to play a comic caste of characters at the Haymarket Theatre — 'The World for Money'—of which he was prompted by Nature to excel. The season being closed, his benefit over, the charges all paid and his accounts closed, he made his exit in the Tragedy of Death in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal. Where he hopes to find his forfeits all clear, his caste of parts bettered and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great debt for the love He bore to performers in general." (In Gillingham Churchyard, Norfolk. *His last act.*)

Among the artistes of the first circus established in London was Jack Hall, a tight-rope performer and famous as an acrobat and vaulter. He turned somersaults through hoops and over naked reapers. It was said that he was the lover of Nell Gwynne, then Hart, lastly Charles II.

* * *

CONCLUSION

By the opinion of the Press and Managers:
"The Lloyd Family were leaders in their profession."



The Author's granddaughter, Renée Lloyd, Dancer with Godfrey Lloyd.

My Circus Life

“Renée and Godfrey, grandchildren, are by reports the premier two dancers on the halls. They were with others chosen by His Majesty King George to appear at the London Hippodrome, November 25th, 1921. The Royal Family patronised the entertainment.”

On the occasion of the Royal visit :

*A Copy from the “Daily Telegraph” of the
Royal Performance*

“The audience will include several old professionals. A notable visitor will be the grandfather of Renée and Godfrey, two of the artistes appearing in the bill. He is one of the old circus family of Lloyds, who in the early days of Queen Victoria’s reign were almost as well known as Bostock and Wombwell.”

Press Notice

“Renée and Godfrey appeared at the Palladium, November 29th, 1921. The clever English dancers made their first appearance at this hall, meeting with enthusiastic reception. At the second house they were obliged to repeat their last number before the audience would allow them to leave the stage. Renée and Godfrey come of an old theatrical stock, being the youngest members of the Circus Lloyds. Their grandfather, James Lloyd, England’s greatest bareback rider, appeared on the site where the Palladium now stands—Hengler’s Circus—for five years.”

The first balloon let up was in 1784.

* * *

My Circus Life

During the War I sent many suggestions to the Government for devices and ideas. I got answers from all—the Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Roberts (I have his signature), the Board of Inventions, the Secretary of the War Office, General Headquarters, Home Office, Horse Guards, and Ministry of Munitions.

Born 1846. On the 6th May I am seventy-nine years of age. With my long life, meeting with troubles, accidents and reverses, I now begin to think I am getting old. If my limbs were equal to my mind, I could follow my profession. But my limbs have served me well. I will soon leave the path where others will tread.

“Now on the brink of death
I know I have had my day—
The hint has come, I must go—
No longer can I stay.”

A few more years may come. I will then cast my whip and steed aside and lay me down. Then the Great Architect of the Universe will close the last chapter of James Lloyd. “A1 at Lloyds” to the last.

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